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An Old Story



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J. E. Millais, R.A.]

WATCHING AND WAITING.

[J. D. Cooper.

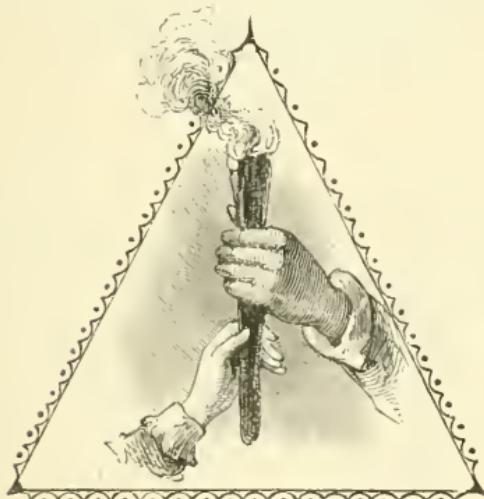
KNOLD STORY

A TEMPERANCE TALE IN VERSE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A. ETC.

BARRISTER AT LAW, EDITOR OF THE ART JOURNAL.

"Whom resist : steadfast in the faith."—ST. PETER.



"For it must needs be that offences come : but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."—ST. MATTHEW.

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THE PRESS is—almost universally—indefatigable in efforts to manifest the miseries incident to Intemperance: every Journal of the Kingdom is earnest in work for its diminution or suppression. The “time is not yet” when traffic in alcohol will be suspiciously and effectually restrained—or prohibited—by Law. Meanwhile, it is counselled that PUBLIC OPINION must pioneer the way to legislative enactment: and a duty is inculcated on every writer to contribute aid towards a consummation—that cannot fail to be mighty in its influence on human kind.

Thus exhorted—and especially stimulated by a “call” in the *Times* of the 9th of August, 1872—in this book, and the book that preceded it, “The Trial of Sir Jasper,” I have humbly striven to help on the work: trusting I may assist the many other “writers, talkers, preachers, workers,” to “abate this nuisance and scandal, our national drunkenness.”

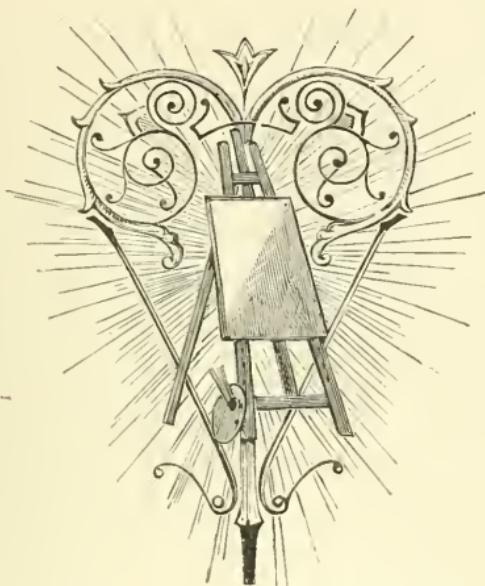
I have tried to make this book broader and more comprehensive in details than its predecessor: to treat, indeed, as far as my knowledge extends, every phase of the “horrible vice,” adding notes from the “authorities” by whom I am principally guided.

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Hitheito, ART, to say the least, has seemed but an indifferent looker-on, while the contest is proceeding: a contest that has been described, and not by exaggeration, as a struggle between Heaven and Hell: the powers of darkness against the angels of light. Always remembering, however, that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, more than half a century ago, commenced a crusade against it—so picturing “the Curse” as to have achieved an amount of good almost incalculable. Other artists have given help: notably, JOHN TENNIEL, who, in the most popular of weekly periodicals, has been the frequent, and powerful, exponent of Intemperance.

From the position I have long held, I am enabled to bring ART to the aid of a Cause that may be rightly termed “Holy.” My thanks, the thanks of all Temperance Advocates, the thanks of the public generally—it is scarcely too much to say the thanks of Humanity—are, therefore, due to the TWENTY-SIX artists who have worked with me in order to exhibit the abhorrent vice in its hideous deformity, and the beauty and blessing—the rewards, physical, social, moral, temporal, and eternal—of TEMPERANCE.

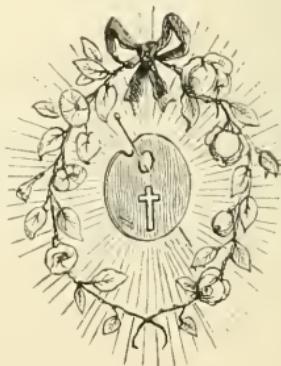




- I. "WATCHING AND WAITING." (*Frontispiece*).
Drawn by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Engraved by J. D. COOPER.
- II. "AND CALLED THE PICTURE 'INNOCENCE.'"
Drawn by BIRKET FOSTER. Engraved by J. D. COOPER.
- III. "IN THE BLEAK WIND, UNSHELTERED."
Drawn by GUSTAVE DORE. Engraved by J. D. COOPER.
- IV. "TAUGHT THEIR CHILDREN THUS."
Drawn by ALMA TADEMA. Engraved by J. D. COOPER.
- V. "THE GLORY DAYS OF DEVILS."
Drawn by L. J. POTT. Eng. by BUTTERWORTH & HEATH.
- VI. "ALAS! FOR DESOLATED HOMES."
Drawn by N. CHEVALIER. Engraved by J. C. GRIFFITHS.
- VII. "A STOUT FISHER-WIFE."
Drawn by THOMAS FAED, R.A. Eng. by J. C. GRIFFITHS.
- VIII. "TO MY HOME-COME."
Drawn by MARCUS STONE. Eng. BUTTERWORTH & HEATH.
- IX. "A GIRL SELF-DROWNED."
Drawn by E. SHERARD KENNEDY. Eng. by W. BALLINGALL.
- X. "WHAT ARE THESE WOMEN DOING?"
Drawn by P. R. MORRIS. Eng. by NICHOLLS BROTHERS.
- XI. "THE GUIDING ANGELS HEARD THEIR SONG."
Drawn by W. CAVE THOMAS. Eng. by NICHOLLS BROTHERS.

- XII. "THE PRAYER WAS HEARD."
Drawn by JAMES SANT, R.A. Engraved by J. D. COOPER.
- XIII. "OUTSIDE, THE WOMEN AND THE CHILDREN."
Drawn by MONTBARD. Engraved by C. M. GREY.
- XIV. "BOTH WHISKEY MAD."
Drawn by ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A. Eng. by J. C. GRIFFITHS.
- XV. "I SENT MY DAUGHTER OUT TO BEG."
Drawn by R. LEHMANN. Eng. by BUTTERWORTH AND HEATH.
- XVI. "A POOR STREET STRAY."
Drawn by W. MACDUFF. Engraved by W. BALLINGALL.
- XVII. "AT BREAK OF DAY."
Drawn by JOHN TENNIEL. Eng. by BUTTERWORTH AND HEATH.
- XVIII. "ON THE BATTLE-FIELD I LAY."
Drawn by ELIZABETH THOMPSON. Eng. BUTTERWORTH & HEATH.
- XIX. "I MUST BE A THIEF."
Drawn by W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A. Eng. by DALZIEL BROTHERS.
- XX. "PITIED OF HAPPY CHILDREN."
Drawn by W. HEMSLEY. Engraved by J. C. GRIFFITHS.
- XXI. "THE MAIDEN IN HER PRIME."
Drawn by FRED. PASMORE. Engraved by W. BALLINGALL.
- XXII. "THE LAST HALF-HOUR."
Drawn by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. Eng. by DALZIEL BROTHERS.
- XXIII. "GIRL-EXAMPLES, RICHLY DOWERED."
Drawn by G. A. STOREY. Engraved by J. D. COOPER.
- XXIV. "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."
Drawn by SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A. Eng. by J. D. COOPER.
- XXV. "PRAY GOD TO BLESS THE DONOR."
Drawn by HARRISON WEIR. Eng. by BUTTERWORTH AND HEATH.

The Page-headings and Vignettes designed and drawn by
W. J. ALLEN. Eng. by J. D. WATSON and M. LAURIE.



TO MEMBERS OF TEMPERANCE
SOCIETIES,
TO GOOD TEMPLARS,
TO BANDS OF HOPE,
AND OTHER
TEMPERANCE ORGANISATIONS,
ESPECIALLY TO
WOMEN-WORKERS IN THE
HOLY CAUSE,
AND
ALL WHO SEEK TO SUPPRESS THE
NATIONAL VICE,
WHICH IS
THE NATIONAL CURSE,

I Dedicate these Pages.



DRINK
THIS



I.

THE Devil bought a Soul : so Legends tell :
The owner having nothing else to sell.

The terms were easy : one of matters three
He bound himself to do, and do it well.

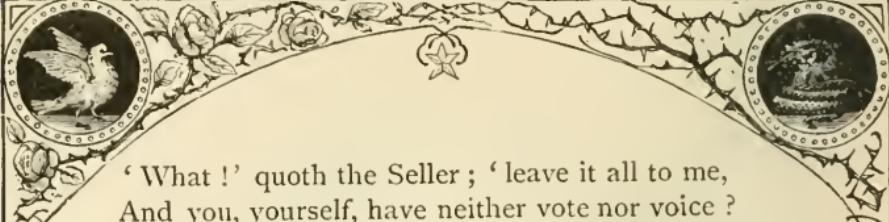
It *was* well done on his part : we shall see !

THE TERMS ; 'ONE : Set your father's house a-light,
And burn him in it : better done at night.'

TWO : you must kill your mother : as you will :
I do not give you counsel how to kill.

THREE : you must drink till you are drunk : and then,
Drink more : drink often : and be drunk again.'

THE AUTHORITIES.—The NATIONAL VICE is the NATIONAL CURSE, negativing most of the blessings resulting from national progress and national prosperity—that is a truth which none dispute. THE NOTES added to this poem will show how thoroughly the belief has spread—among all orders and classes, all preachers and teachers of all denominations, employers and employed, peers and working men—that it is a duty alike to God and neighbour to labour for its suppression. The AUTHORITIES I quote—many, varied, and emphatic, guided by knowledge and experience—are "as one" in denouncing it. They will carry conviction, not alone as to the misery it creates and the crime it engenders, and its enormous cost to the country—but of its utter opposition to all that is reasonable, wise, useful, and healthful; and the consequent wickedness of either its encouragement or tolerance. If "the Time is not yet" when the Legislature will interfere to lessen or remove the pest, it will be seen—it is certain—that vast and powerful machinery is actively, energetically, and successfully, striving to do that holy work.



‘ What ! ’ quoth the Seller ; ‘ leave it all to me,
And you, yourself, have neither vote nor voice ?
‘ I do,’ replied the Devil : ‘ take your choice ! ’

‘ What ! burn my father’s house ! I won’t, that’s flat :
I may be bad, but not so bad as that.
What ! kill my mother ! no : at once, I say,
I won’t—on any terms—for any pay.
But to get drunk’s a pleasure : that I’ll do.’
‘ Tis well,’ quoth Satan : and the Devil knew
The Soul was his : the gudgeon took the bait.
The Devil bowed : he had not long to wait.

II.

And what, on his side, was the man to gain ?
What was the price of body, soul, and mind ?
This : when he wanted money, he would find
His pocket full : and never seek in vain
For means by which the Devil’s work is done.
The Legend tells us what he lost and won.

III.

And so he sought ‘ the Grapes : ’ and entered in,
Where “ jolly ” Bacchus sate, ’twixt Death and Sin.

IV.

They were a happy lot : one had a wife,
Whose Sunday gown was in the landlord’s till :
One had six children, fighting hard for life :
He paid the landlord’s, not the baker’s, bill :

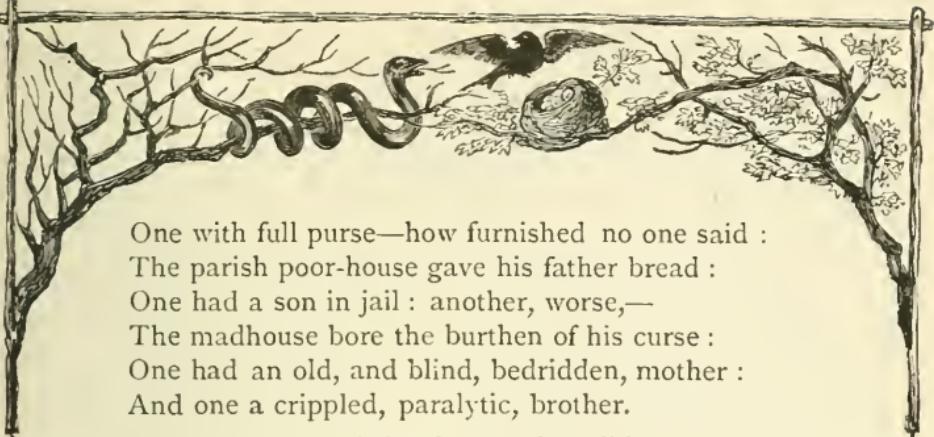
PUBLIC-HOUSES.—Nothing stronger can be written concerning public-houses than this—copied from the *Times*, July, 1872 :—“ It would be impossible to find anything which stands for so much loss to soul, body, and estate, for so much discomfort and everything that is disagreeable, as the public-house. Even if we accept the best case that can be made for it in principle, the fact is still a huge nuisance and misery. It is not only the quiet religious family, or the respectable householder, that regards the public-house as one of the enemies of his peace, but it is almost everybody except the publican and his landlord. It is the wife and children who see the day’s or week’s wages spent there. It is the neighbourhood disturbed by nightly broils. It is the employer who finds his men demoralised and enfeebled. It is the honest tradesman who sees the money that should come to the counter go to the bar. THERE IS NOT A VICE, OR A DISEASE, OR A DISORDER, OR A CALAMITY OF ANY KIND THAT HAS NOT ITS FREQUENT RISE IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSE. IT DEGRADES, RUINS, AND BRUTALISES A LARGE FRACTION OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.”



Birket Foster.]

[J. D. Cooper.

"AND CALLED THE PICTURE 'INNOCENCE.'"



One with full purse—how furnished no one said :
The parish poor-house gave his father bread :
One had a son in jail : another, worse,—
The madhouse bore the burthen of his curse :
One had an old, and blind, bedridden, mother :
And one a crippled, paralytic, brother.

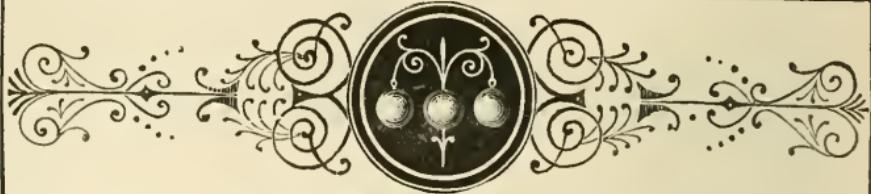
The moans in suffering homes they did not hear :
Nor did they see the Devil who stood near :
Chuckled and laughed : rejoiced to mark how well
They did his work on earth and peopled Hell.

Outside, the women and the children were :
Some with the marks of blows : some—without shame
For sinful lives, ragged and filthy—came
By hideous, loathsome, wiles, to claim their share.
Some, wives and mothers, sober, honest, good :
Bearers of babes who die for lack of food :
Who ask, in under-tones of dull despair,
If God, as well as man, were heedless there ?
Answer them : teachers of God's word and will :
Can you say to this tempest—' Peace, be still !'

V.

So days and nights went on : the man became
A sot : a blight to an unblemished name :
The father grieved : the mother wept : in vain :
She bore that worst affliction—hopeless pain.

GIN-PALACES.—Neither can anything stronger be written concerning the gin-palaces that glare upon us in every leading street of the Metropolis, and the cities and large towns of Great Britain, than these words uttered by J. A. Roebuck, M.P. for Sheffield, in the House of Commons :—" You close the picture-gallery and museum on holidays and feast-days, but you leave wide open the gin-shop and the beer-shop ; you make the people unsocial drunkards. This gin-shop that you love because it increases your revenue, look at it, go into it, and behold its horrible appearance. A flaring gas-light is over the door, WHICH DOOR NEVER SHUTS. Push it aside ; go in ; look around—splendid windows, brass rods and ornaments, a fine showy counter, immense tubs of spirits, and gay damsels ready to serve them. But no chairs. No one sits in a gin-shop. The customer comes in, PAYS FOR HIS GLASS OF POISON, drinks it off at one gulp, and goes away, to make room for a succeeding customer. Here you have the vice of drunkenness, with all its deformity, without one shadow of a redeeming circumstance."



And one who might have been than either dearer,
Shuddered to see the foul fiend drawing nearer :
For well she knew the curse that mildews life
Is hers—death-doomed to be the drunkard's wife.

VI.

So days and nights went on : his health and strength
And manly bearing, all succumbed at length :
Bleared eyes, and quivering lip, and shaking hands,
Are signs that mark him as he sits or stands :
God keep from those we love the drunkard's brands !

VII.

I'll show you how he acted, looked, and spoke,
When Reason dozed, then slept, and Passion woke.
The Spartan matrons taught their children thus :
Showing their Helots drunk : to them : to us :
For lessons do not lose their force with time,
Whether they lead to Virtue or to Crime.
Eternal Truths there are that influence ages.
I'll show the Vice in its revolting stages,
And tell you how he earned the Devil's wages.
First, Pleasure held the cup :—‘the flowing bowl,’
Wreathed, sensual poets say, with ‘flowers of soul.’
See him : how gracefully the glass is raised,
As all his guests he praises—and is praised.

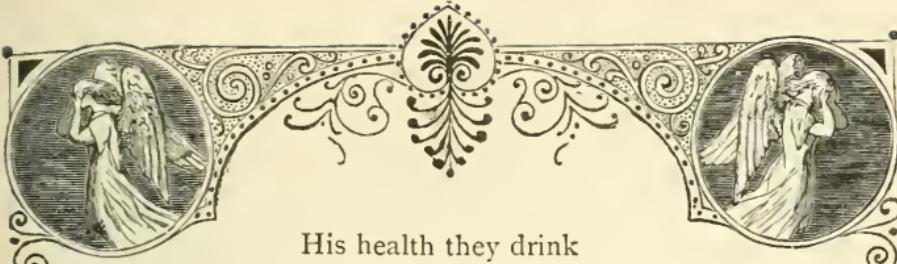
BEER-HOUSES.—“If I am asked to point out the great cause and encouragement of intemperance, I have no hesitation in ascribing it to that most disastrous Act of Parliament which set Beer-shops on foot. It has inflicted a terrible curse on this country.” “The Beer-houses are a social pest.” “The Beer-houses are an unmitigated nuisance.” “Abolish Beer-houses, the seats of Vice and Intemperance.”—Report: Canterbury Convocation. Chancellor Raikes on the Beer-shop Act: “He had seen its effects spreading like a blight all through the country; villages which formerly were like the creations of romance had become the scenes of every evil.” “There is abundant evidence to show that burglaries and all other outrages on society are for the most part planned in Beer-houses, where thieves of all orders find shelter, protection, and direct encouragement. The great bulk of your informants advocate the entire suppression of Beer-houses as distinguished from Public-houses, describing the former as ‘nests of corruption and the source of unmitigated mischief.’”—Report: Convocation, York.

J. D. Cooper.

"WIND, WIND, BLOW AWAY, UNSWEETED."

Gustave Doré.]





His health they drink

with one continuous roar :

'Hip, hip :' and 'three times three,' and 'one cheer more.'

The next stage comes : and the drink-madness shows

The dark beginning of the darker end :

The lie direct ; confounding foe with friend :

Proceeding thence to blasphemy and blows :

While seething fury yet more furious grows :

The Bacchus-crown is nightshade, and not bays :

Mad—raving—heedless—passion strikes and slays.

Reason is now burnt out : the gaslight glare

Shows but the drivelling mouth, the senseless stare :

The stagger right and left, and left and right :

And then the grovelling fall—to utter night !

The Morrow comes : *delirium tremens* seizes

The victim—fearfullest of all diseases.

Earth has no greater horror : Hell none worse

Than that—the self-brought, self-inflicted, curse.

Remorse, the blood-hound staunch—its deep-mouthed bay

Is heard at last ; its fangs are in the brain :

Even Hope has left the soul : Heaven sends no ray

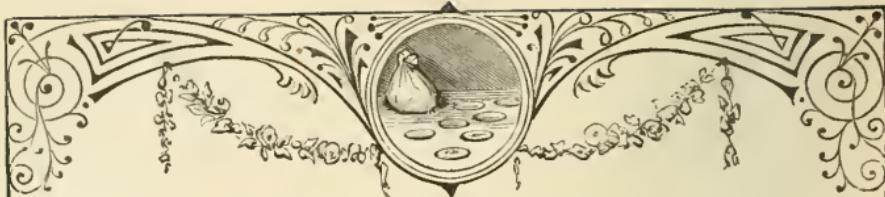
Of light : and mournful angels pass away,

Grieving for teachings futile : warnings vain :

The spirits of the damned have triumphed there :

Augmented ranks whose leader is Despair !

GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS.—It was a terrible aggravation of the curse—the Act by which the Legislature permitted licences to grocers and confectioners to sell alcohol. "It has wrought an incalculable amount of evil." Men and especially women enter these shops "on the sly," ostensibly to purchase wholesome necessaries. There is ample evidence to sustain this assertion. We quote only that of the Mayor of Bath: "These places," he said, "afford facilities for secret drinking by females, who have been known to obtain drink and have it charged for as groceries in their account." It is certain that many ladies habitually visit confectioners—several of them during the day—and buy at each a glass of wine and a bun, putting the latter into their reticules. The Good Templars have endeavoured to negative the evil. In several cities and large towns they have adopted a resolution, "Pledging the members and their families not to deal with any grocer who sells wines, spirits, or beer, and recommending the whole of the lodges to vote and act in the same manner."



In several, varied, ways, the Devil taught
The Soul he meant to have, the Soul he bought.
Some of those varied ways this tale will tell ;
They are well known : the drunkard knows them well :
So does his Public patron : but *he* knows—
Or says he knows—as all experience shows—
THAT DRUNKARDS ARE THE DRUNKARD'S ONLY FOES !

VIII.

He'd 'lots of money ;' no one cared or asked
How got : the sun in which his spirit basked
Was sun without a shadow : so it seemed
To those who knew no better—those who deemed
He had 'the one thing needful ;' no one knew—
For certain—that the Bank, on which he drew
His cheques, was furnished by the Fiend, who pays—
In his own coin, and in his special ways—
Large prices where small prices will not do.
And yet the very outcasts of the streets,
The men all good men shun and no man greets,
He might have envied : a perpetual dread
Of the HEREAFTER haunted him ; the debt
He knew must be paid some time, though not yet ;
'The day of reckoning'—that might be postponed
And, possibly, the sin, in time, condoned.

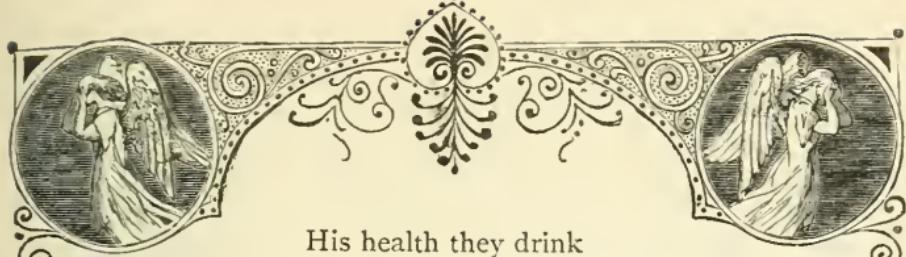
THE FOUR FERTILE SOURCES OF UNMITIGATED EVIL here described have produced an amount of crime and misery of which the daily newspapers, every day, give us details appalling and repulsive. To "abate the nuisance and scandal," several societies are hard at work ; at least fifty periodical publications are issued by the advocates of Temperance and Total Abstinence ; millions of tracts are circulated annually—to sustain or convert ; several hundred lecturers, paid and unpaid, are continually addressing assemblies ; the clergy of "all denominations" throughout the Kingdom are ardently labouring for "the Cause;" there is hardly a town in the British dominions that has not a combination of earnest and good women and men who propagate Temperance principles ; and in Great Britain and Ireland there are, according to a just calculation, three millions of young and old Temperance, or Total Abstinence, members, who practise and teach Temperance. The organization is indeed powerful in every way that infers power ; yet the vice not only continues but increases, as these notes, when they are finished, will convincingly show.



Alma Tadema.]

[J. D. Cooper.

"TAUGHT THEIR CHILDREN THUS."



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[Butterworth & Heath.]

"THE GLORY DAYS OF DEVILS."

L. J. Fott.]





Such, Temperance friends, such is the rigmarole
By which they prove each loyal man a fool.
Shun them—where'er they work, whoe'er they be ;
Shun them, and their base teaching ; giving thanks
The foul defamers are not of your ranks.

XI.

He sent him nightly to the boozing den
Where evil women fish for foolish men.

SALOONS, where gilded pinchbeck mimics gold,
And coarsely painted charms are bought and sold.
Safer the lowest pot-house of the street,
Than 'Halls' where youths and sinful women meet ;
Where hideous evils don a thin disguise,
And seem all innocence to ears and eyes ;
Where outcast actors scenes of shame rehearse,
With music forced to aid indecent verse.

Go in, 'tis 'entrance free,' there's nought to pay ;
You pay for glare and gas some other way.
Such dens you dare not bring your sister near !
Such songs you would not let your mother hear !

'Tis half-past twelve : go : having had your warning,
And your last 'glee,' 'We won't go home till morning :'
Nor do you ; you will sleep—you know not where.

THE JAILERS.—Take a single example—the town of Liverpool: In one year 13,914 persons (5,930 being females) were taken into custody, charged with "drunkenness," 1,389 with the additional offence of "assaulting the police," 3,078 were described as "habitual drunkards;" 1,907 were committed to jail for three days in default of payment of the fine of five shillings—836 males, and 1,131 females. Well might the chaplain of the jail thus comment on that fact: "Were it not for drunkenness a jail one-third the size of this would suffice." The Deputy Governor of Winchester jail writes: "Seventeen out of every twenty owe their incarceration to drink." The jail chaplain of Manchester writes: "Of 1,000 criminals whose cases he had investigated—714 males, 286 females; of the 286 females, 157 confessed they were drunkards, and many are not yet 20 years of age; of the 714 males, 554 confessed they were drunkards, and a large number of these are not 20 years of age; so, out of the 1,000 prisoners, 711 admit they are drunkards." In 1873, the "apprehensions for drunkenness" in the United Kingdom were nearly double those of 1863.



The Devil loves these MUSIC HALLS : for there
He finds his hot-beds of precocious vice.
Bodies are vendable at any price,
And souls are had for nothing ; well he knows
That appetite by what it feeds on grows.
He takes no trouble there, nor wastes a breath ;
Merely looks on, and lets his lures entice
To moral, social, intellectual, death !

You magistrates of Middlesex—how well
You aid the cause of Sin, and Death, and Hell !
Say, have you heard the filthy songs, and seen
The dances lewd, you ‘license’? Have they been—
Your wives and daughters—where their neighbours go ?
Answer to God and man ! and answer ‘No !’

XII.

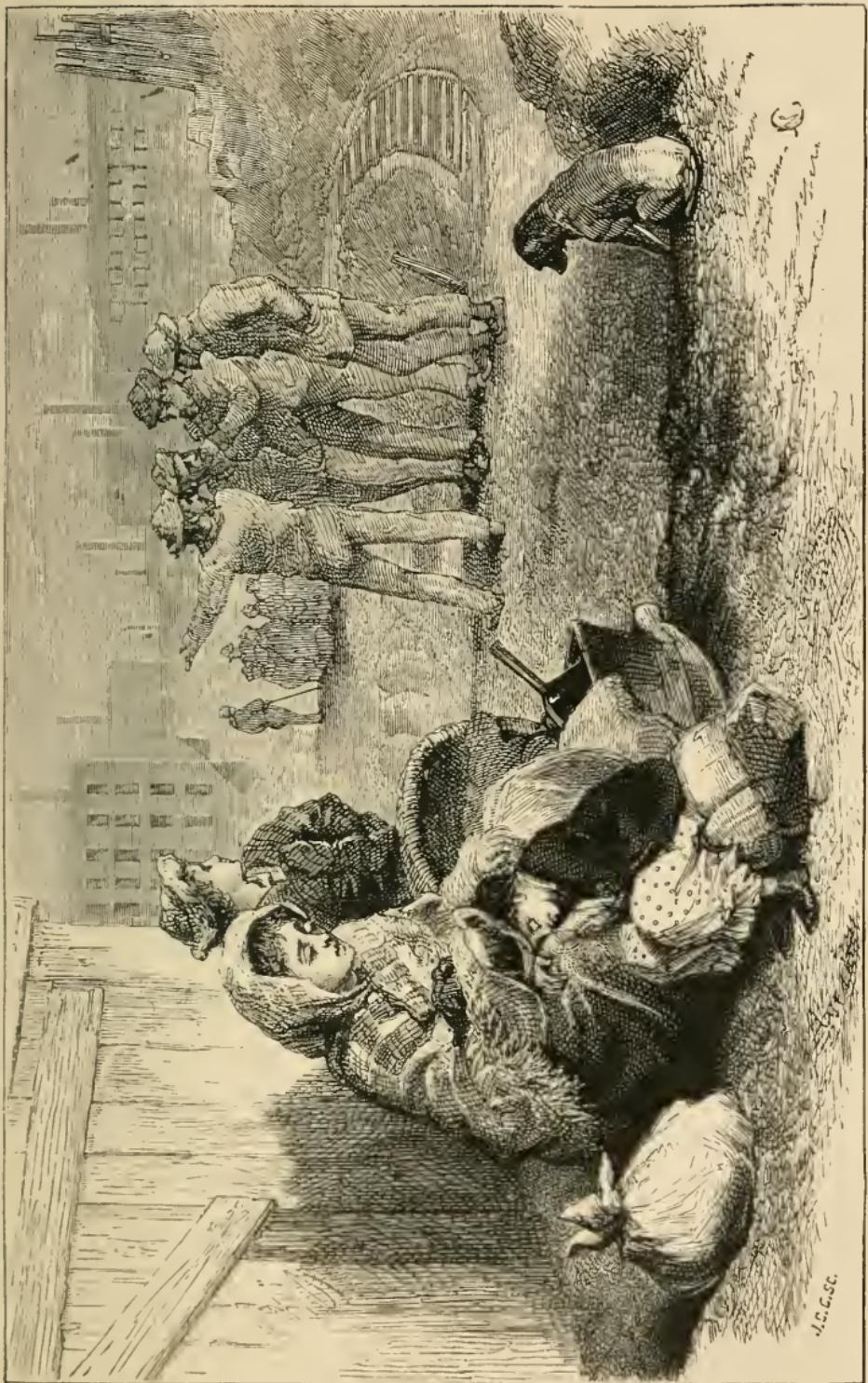
Of course, he made him Prompter to ‘THE STRIKES,’
Where thinking hands direct the working head ;
Where Trade is palsied—mute ; Invention dead ;
While Labour does exactly what it likes.
Oblivious of the Truth that all should know—
The friend is CAPITAL and not the foe ;
That when employers thrive the workman thrives ;
That when the workmen fail employers fail ;
In the same boat they row : with oar and sail
That must be often mended ; he who mends

THE CORONERS.—“I think intoxication likely to be the cause of one-half the inquests held.”—Mr. Wakley, Coroner for Middlesex. On another occasion he said : “Gin may be thought the best friend I have : it causes me to hold annually 1,000 inquests more than I should otherwise hold.” A communication appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, from the Coroner’s clerk in Liverpool, from which we gather that “in seventeen out of every twenty inquests, drink has had more or less to do with the cause of death.” Dr. Browne, of the Crichton Asylum, Dumfries, states that “of 222 cases of suicide taken as they came, at random, 158 sought death under the influence of drink.” Statements to the same effect might be quoted from the published reports of many other coroners. As one of them said, “The suicides give us nearly all our fees.” “Seven persons had been drowned, or had drowned themselves, after leaving that public-house in a state of intoxication, within not many years preceding.”—*York Convocation Report*. There are numerous statements to the same effect in *The Canterbury Report*.

C. Griffiths.

"MISS FOB DESOLATED HOMES"

N. Chevalier.]





Is he who guides the helm : on whom depends
The issue of the voyage—and their lives.
It is a mournful sight, of grief and gloom,
To see the furnace cold, the silent loom :
While hands are wanting work, work needing hands :
Till CONTRACTS speed their way to other lands.
Alas for desolated homes ! alas !
For wives whose hungry children crave in vain !
For stalwart men grown haggard ! months must pass
Ere they get back their household gods again.
Body and Soul, meantime, are kept together
By taxes levied on some half-fed brother.
While occult despots, no one knows or sees,
To maim or murder issue their decrees.
The Promoters strike in safety, while their tools
Work out in blood their bloody laws called "RULES."

Where do the "UNIONS" meet ? where are they planned—
Those manacles of Labour—trebly banned,
By God, by man, and by their victims ? where ?
In dens to enter which you would not dare.

XIII.

The Devil sent him to the PARK, of course,
To desecrate the Sabbath afternoons :
For that is one of his especial boons ;
Where a dull chairman roars till he is hoarse.

FROM LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—"The alarming amount of madness in the United Kingdom is well known to be in great part owing to the abuse of fermented liquors." Lord Shaftesbury states that "having been for sixteen years chairman of the Lunacy Commission, he has ascertained that no less than three-fifths of the cases of insanity, both here and in America, are from this cause." "The worst cases of general paralysis and diseases of the brain and mind which came under my notice in a certain class of society, arose from this most pernicious practice,"—Dr. Forbes Winslow. "Intemperance is the most prolific cause of insanity, especially amongst the labouring classes,"—*British Medical Journal*. "From thirty-five to forty per cent. is a fairly approximate estimate of the ratio of insanity directly or indirectly due to alcoholic drinks."—Dr. Edgar Sheppard, dating from Colney Hatch. "From an experience of twenty years of asylum life, I am strongly of opinion that at least in one-half of the inmates of lunatic asylums the cause of mental impairment is due, directly or indirectly, to intemperance."—*York Convocation Report*.



Aided by several other evil spouters,
Echoed by thoughtless, weak, or wicked, shouters,
And gangs of sottish, ragged, worthless, fellows :
Each of whom—at his own will—bawls or bellows.

Their Leader boasts himself an infidel,
And scouts all notions of an after-state—
Such idle dreams as picture Heaven and Hell,
And give us PROVIDENCE in lieu of FATE.

Shun them, dear Temperance-brothers : men who tell
The shallow lies—that man is but a clod :
Responsible—perhaps ?—but to no God,
In whom he may have faith and hope and trust :
That animated dust is only dust.

‘Philosophers’ (!) will tell you CHANCE designed
A world—a million worlds—without a plan :
That jumbled elements created mind,
And of chaotic atoms formed a man.
They limit the Omnipotent to acts
That Science calls ‘the possible :’ and thus,
Bounding the Infinite by rules and facts,
Explain ‘the fable of the soul’ to us.

A MOLECULE became the ‘Great First Cause :’
The GOD-CREATOR, *mud*, gave Nature laws :
TIME moulded clumsy forms to settled shapes—
Adams and Eves,—‘anthropomorphous apes.’

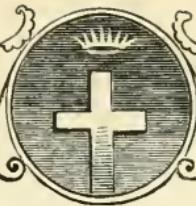
TESTIMONY OF THE CLERGY.—This declaration was signed by 3,000 ministers of the gospel : “ We, the undersigned, ministers of the gospel, are convinced by personal observation within our own sphere, and authentic testimony from beyond it, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors as drink for man is the immediate cause of most of the crime and pauperism, and much of the disease and insanity that afflict the land ; that everywhere, and in proportion to its prevalence, it deteriorates the moral character of the people.” “ The clergy everywhere, but in our large towns especially, are discouraged, cast down, almost driven to despair through the prevalence of the vice, and the temptations that are multiplied for its encouragement on every hand under the protection of law ; it thwarts, defeats, and nullifies their Christian schemes and philanthropic efforts to such an extent that it is becoming a matter of grave question whether infidelity, religious indifference, and social demoralisation are not making head against us in defiance of all our churches and clergy, our Scripture readers, and our schools.”—*Canterbury Convocation Report.*



Thomas Faed, R.A.]

[J. C. Griffiths.

"A STOUT FISHER WIFE."



The whale and shark were oysters once, no doubt :
And elephants were magnified from—mice :
Eagles were beetles ere their plumes came out :
And trees were fungi—when the sun was ice.
Ten thousand thousand things exist, we know,
By Science tested and by Reason tried,
With no conclusive issue : save to show
How much we need a better light and guide.
Can Science gauge the influence that draws
The needle to the magnet? Can it see
The perfume of the rose? or measure laws
By which the flower gives honey to the bee?
Woe be to those who push the boat from shore,
And leave no guiding rudder, sail, or oar :
Woe be to those who bid us darkly grope
In storm, or fog, without the anchor—Hope!
In tortuous paths, with prompters blind, *you* trust
One GUIDE, who cannot err : *your* prayer will be,
' Give us, Lord God ! all merciful and just !'
The FAITH that is but Confidence in Thee !'

XIV.

A few words more, the mournful story ends :
Need we detail the when, the how, the where
The Devil gave him work, till ' time was up,'
And he had seen the bottom of the cup ?

WHAT THE NATION GAINS.—The gross amount of revenue collected in the year ending March 31, 1874, from alcoholic liquors and malt, was :—

From Home-made spirits	£14,639,562
,, Foreign and Colonial Spirits.....	5,129,899
Total from Ardent spirits	19,769,461
,, Malt	7,753,017
,, Wine	1,790,572
	29,313,650
From licences to sell liquors (about)	1,700,000
	<u>£31,013,650</u>

An increase of more than two and a-half millions above the "gain" in 1873.



You guess the issue. He was in the chair
One merry night, when, drink-mad, with his ‘friends,’
A rabble-rout, wallowing in self-made mire—
Wilful or not—they set the house on fire.
His broken-hearted father was in bed,
And, when they sought to rescue him, was dead.
His mother—she came rushing down the stair :
He thought he saw the Tempter, saw his foe :
‘It is the Fiend,’ he cried, and struck the blow !
The mother gave him birth, he gave her death :
She knew who killed her ; with her latest breath
She murmured, ‘Lord ! have mercy on my son !’
The Devil laughed : he knew his work was done :
The victim was beyond the reach of prayer,
The Soul was his : he had his choice, and he
Of THREE things proffered for that choice did THREE.
And when he died at Newgate, not a tear
Fell on the drunkard-murderer’s soddened bier !

XV.

What does the MORAL, as you read it, say ?
WHAT HE WILL DO THE DRUNKARD NEVER KNOWS.
He robs himself of REASON, and he throws
The very highest of God’s gifts away.
Men will be judged according to their deeds,
For with the crime the punishment they bring.

WHAT THE NATION LOSES.—That is what the Nation “gets :” see what the Nation “pays” to get it. During the eight years ending 1873, the money *directly* spent upon intoxicating liquors, is thus estimated by Mr. Hoyle (Author of “Our National Resources, and How they are Wasted”):—

1866	£113,925,458
1867	110,122,266
1868	113,464,874
1869	112,885,603
1870	118,836,284
1871	118,006,066
1872	131,601,490
1873	140,014,712

It is worthy of note that in these eight years a larger sum was paid directly for drink than the entire amount of the National Debt.

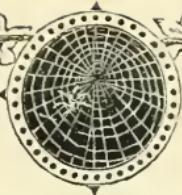


Marcus Stone.]

[Butterworth & Heath.

"TO MY HOME-COME.'





There are diseases that men *must* endure,
Diseases death, and only death, can cure :
But *that* disease nor skill, nor doctor, needs ;
The remedy is easy, simple, sure—
(The prophet-counsel seemed but low and mean
To him, the leper-servant of the king,
'Wash seven times in the Jordan, and be clean')—

'Tis TASTE NOT, TOUCH NOT, THE ACCURSED THING !

XVI.

He had abundant WARNINGS : none too late :
As he drew nearer to his self-brought fate :
Some of these WARNINGS, let this Tale relate.

XVII.

He had his warnings ! Yes : the Pastor spoke :
Like snow on water were the thoughts he woke.
His lamp is lighted in a mist, and throws
Its rays on mud : what harvest can he reap
From acrid soil where nothing healthful grows ?
As well to plant the sea, and plough the deep.

He had his warnings ! Yes : but none could reach
The closèd ear, the soddened heart and brain.
Vainly the Pastor strives to guide and teach
The drunkard : vain all warnings ; less than vain :
His hope is in the mire to which he sinks,
His God is in the poison-cup he drinks.

THE INDIRECT LOSS.—To the direct loss of 140 millions, must be added the indirect loss of the Nation from intoxicating drinks. The combined annual amount thus lost is estimated by Mr. Hoyle at 285 millions, including : 1. Loss of labour and time to employers and workmen by drinking. 2. Destruction of property by sea and land, and loss of property by theft and otherwise, the result of drinking. 3. Public and private charges, by pauperism, destitution, sickness, insanity, and premature deaths, traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. 4. Loss of wealth arising from the idleness of paupers, criminals, vagrants, lunatics, &c. 5. Loss of wealth arising from the unproductive employment of the judges, magistrates, lawyers, policemen, jurymen, gaolers, &c., cost of keeping criminals, &c. 6. Loss arising from non-productiveness of capital in money spent upon drink. Dean Boyd, preaching at Exeter, expressed his belief that the loss to the workpeople engaged in the woollen manufactures, the cotton trade, and the bricklaying trade, alone by "Idle Monday" amounted to £7,300,000 per annum.



XVIII.

He had his warnings ! Yes : the spark had life :
For Conscience cannot die : and inner strife :
The Soul was by an Angel briefly stirred.
And the controlling voice a moment heard.
The pest-house—that was close at hand : and there
Drink stilled the self-reproach and stifled prayer.

He heard the church bell : for the Sabbath-day
Must not be desecrated all day long !

The law gives ten hours good for sinful pleasure :
Two hours that law concedes—to think and pray.

Then widely open doors let in the throng.
It is God's day ; enlightened statesmen think
It may not be kept 'Holy' without drink.

Besides, the day is one of special leisure,
When daily work is held from Toil's hard hand,
And traffic is forbidden : all obey
The law that stops the traffic : where are they—
Workmen—to spend their wages ? Statesmen say
Only where liquor—licensed—may be sold.

And that is Wisdom's teaching, we are told :
That is the path our great forefathers trod !

That to Eternal Life the narrow way !

That is the law to bless a Christian land !

And such 'THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD !'

HEREDITARY DISEASES.—"It is scarcely necessary to say that the actual existence of intemperance in an individual member of society does not represent the mischief which this unit inflicts upon it. There is the *transmission to posterity*."—Dr. Edgar Sheppard. "Idiocy is the sin of the parent visited upon the children." "There is no single habit in this country which so much tends to *deteriorate the qualities of the race*."—Sir Henry Thompson. "Those who are habitually addicted to this revolting vice not only injure their own bodies and minds, they likewise injure the minds and bodies of *their progeny*."—Dr. Darwin, F.R.S. "The sin of the parent is visited on a stunted, sickly, and debilitated offspring."—Canterbury Convocation. "The drunkard entails mental disease on his family."—Sir W. A. F. Browne, M.D. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., expresses a very strong opinion as to the 'hereditary transmission' of the drunkard's disease. A declaration has been signed by twenty-one physicians, that 'the use of alcohol entails diseased appetite upon offspring.'

[W. Ballingall.

"A GIRL SELF-DROWNED."

E. Sherard Kennedy.]

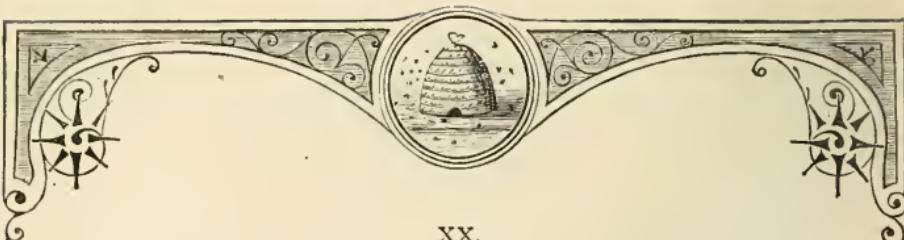




XIX.

He had his warnings ! Yes : the drunkard's room
He entered often : knew the hingeless door :
And, in an atmosphere of foetid gloom,
Had seen the children grovelling on the floor :
Naked and hungry : heard the wretched wife
Curse the foul fate that gave these children life :
Heard drunken daughters with their latest breath
Curse drunken mothers : seen a girl, self-drowned,
Drawn from the slimy river's noisome bed :—
There was no owner for the thing they found :
(The landlord gained a shilling by her death :)
Had seen the wretched, drink-mad, mother-nurse,
In the bleak wind, unsheltered : heard her curse
The God—forsaken—in her dull despair :
(Let the great artist tell her story : tell—
To warn and scare—the state to which she fell.)
Had been in mad-houses, where living-dead—
Remains of stalwart men and women fair—
With beckoning fingers bade him welcome there.
Had seen in jails, drink-furnished, Christian brothers—
Men who had wives and children, sisters, mothers.
Had stood at doors of 'Casual' wards ; all closed ;
All full ; and in the muddied street had stood,
Where fellow men and women—drunk—reposed !
With children fighting for imagined food !

CRIMINAL TEETOTALERS!—"Let me quote a fact quite well known. The Governor of Canterbury Jail stated that in 22,000 persons who passed through his jail in fifteen years he had never met with a single teetotaler."—W. S. Caine. "A gentleman who has been for thirty years on the Board of Guardians at Newcastle-on-Tyne (George Charlton, Esq., Mayor of Gateshead) states that in the whole of that time he never knew a single total abstainer to apply for relief." I quote the following from answers to the Canterbury Convocation :—"During twenty-eight years of official life (as a Jail Governor) to the best of my knowledge I never had a total abstainer in custody." "I do not remember, in my career as a policeman during nine years, to have had a teetotaler in custody for any offence whatever." "I have been master of workhouse and relieving officer for eleven years," said one witness, "and during that time I never knew a teetotaler applying for parish relief." The superior of an insane asylum writes, "I never saw a lunatic who had been a total abstainer."



XX.

He had his warnings ! Yes : he saw and knew,
In all their dealings faithful, firm, and true,
Good men, and women good, who sought and trod
The path that leads to virtue and to God !
He saw what temporal and eternal gain
Is theirs whose motto is the word ‘refrain’—
The nobler and the better word—‘ABSTAIN !’
They live in peace, in competence, in health,
With that sufficiency which is true wealth.
Enough they have, and more ; something to spare ;
And such small luxuries as all may share.

Aprons of leather, fustian coats, are worn
By nature’s gentlemen, not gentle born :
To what high station may not men attain
By work of hand no less than work of brain ?

There is no peer who owns surrounding soil
More independent than these lords of toil.

The SAVIOUR on no borrowed bounty fed :
The fruit of labour was His daily bread.
What said ‘the Great Apostle’ of His creed ?
‘With mine own hands I satisfy my need.’

Toil ! ’tis the loftiest of God’s gifts to man,
The groundwork and the bulwark of His plan.

HEALTH FROM TEMPERANCE.—It would be easy to adduce proofs that total abstinence removes disease and restores health ; that, however sudden may be the change from inebriety to sobriety, it is attended by no danger. No evidence can be so conclusive as that of the masters of workhouses and the chaplains and governors of jails ; inasmuch as in workhouses and jails total abstinence is compulsory and continuous. Hear what the masters of workhouses say ; I might quote a hundred answers to the same effect given to the Canterbury Convocation, and to that of York. “The change from excess to total abstinence which ensues on admission here is highly beneficial.” “The health of paupers is greatly benefited by total abstinence from intoxicating liquors.” And hear what the chaplains and governors of prisons say :—“In the majority of instances, if you wish to prolong the life of a drunkard, send him to jail,—which is, in every sense of the term, a temperance establishment,—and you will achieve your object.” “*The women often recover their former good looks, even if they looked ugly and hideous on their admission.*”

[Nicholls Brothers.

"WHAT ARE THESE WOMEN DOING?"

P. R. Morris.]





XXI.

He had his warnings ! Yes : he heard and read
Of that pure, gentle, yet heroic, band
Of women-workers in a distant land,
Who stand between the living and the dead :
Like Israel's prophet-priest, like him who prayed—
Prayed for the stricken,—‘and the plague was stayed.’

What are these women doing ? Who are they ?
God’s Temperance-teachers, who—PERSUADE AND PRAY !
Why are they kneeling in the public way ?
What is their mission ?—to PERSUADE AND PRAY !
No angry words of bitter thoughts they say ;
Christ’s simple sisters who—PERSUADE AND PRAY !
Theirs is no stately tread, no proud array ;
In humble meekness they—PERSUADE AND PRAY !
Wide is the gate and very broad the way
That leads to ruin :—they PERSUADE AND PRAY.
And children yet unborn will bless the day
That saw their mothers thus—PERSUADE AND PRAY !

They fight—these women fight—for more than lives,
For they are mothers, daughters, sisters, wives ;
And know the moral and the social blight
To every hearth and home the drunkard brings.
They only with the woman’s weapons fight,
In armour given them by the King of Kings ;

VIGOUR FROM TEMPERANCE.—Thomas Brassey, M.P., states :—“ Some of the most powerful among the navvies have been teetotalers. On the Great Northern Railway, there was a celebrated gang of navvies (teetotalers), who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour and a half earlier than the other men.” John Ware, M.D. (Boston, U.S.) :—“ None endure so well hardships and exposure, inclemency of weather, and vicissitudes of seasons, as those who totally abstain.” “ The experiment had been tried—by the reapers in the harvest-field, by the navvies who make our railways, by the forgemen of our vast ironworks, by soldiers in long and difficult marches and sometimes for days together in ceaseless and pitiless rain, by sailors amid the regions of Arctic winters,—it had been tried on the burning plains of India, by the lumberers felling the gigantic trees of Canada,—and, wherever fairly tested, the result was that men were better and stronger, and healthier, and more fitted for physical and intellectual labour.” —Rev. Richard Hardy, one of the Army Service Chaplains.



Love, Patience, Hope, Endurance : these prevail
When earthly weapons, that seem better, fail :
Strong in His strength, and mighty in His might !

To send them a ‘ God speed ! ’ a warm ‘ All hail ! ’
Have they no sympathising sisters here,
In the old home, the honoured mother-land ?
Millions ! who dearly love the women-band !
With countless hosts of Angels—very near.

God bless ye, sisters—each a dear loved friend ;
Take the ‘ all hail ’ and the ‘ God speed ’ we send.
Go on—your woman’s sword you will not sheath ;
Go on—and gain the Amaranthine wreath.
You may not win the Victory to-day ;
But it *must* come, for you—PERSUADE AND PRAY !

XXII.

He had his warnings ! Yes : he heard the voices
Of children, blended in thanksgiving-praise :
Earth-sounds at which Heaven’s Hierarchy rejoices :
The just, made perfect, join their simple lays.
And as the joyful Hope-bands passed along,
The guiding, guarding, Angels heard this song :—

Within the Temple slept the child,
The after-prop of Israel’s fame,
When o’er his slumbers calm and mild
The summons of Jehovah came ;

“THE WOMEN’S CRUSADE.”—There is hardly a woman in these kingdoms who does not, in some degree, suffer from the effects of the plague. It may not have crossed her own threshold; may not have blighted her own domestic peace; the souls and bodies of her immediate family may not be tainted by it; but who is there, in any household, rich or poor, who cannot point to one at least of her friends or relatives to whom it has been the blight of prosperity, and the ruin of character? The work these heroic women are doing in Ohio, and in other States of America, is, of a surety, woman’s work; they are doing it, as women ought to do it—always and in every cause; not by usurping the duties of force and power that rightly appertain to men, but by the weapons that are essentially theirs—by Persuasion and Prayer. If their efforts achieved only this—to make it disgraceful for a man or woman of any grade to enter a public-house, a vast deal will have been accomplished. That, at all events, they have done; of such work there is ample proof. It is but the beginning of the end. Assuredly, this work is woman’s work.”—Mrs. S. C. Hall.



W. Cave Thomas.]

[Nicholls Brothers.

"THE GUIDING ANGEL HEARD THEIR SONG."



The call was heard, the child awoke ;
With beating heart and bended knee,
The future judge and prophet spoke :—
‘ Speak, for Thy servant heareth Thee ! ’

So when we hear the Almighty voice
Breaking the slumbers of the soul :
So may we hear and so rejoice,
So bend our will to His control ;
So may each instant answer be,
‘ Speak, for Thy servant heareth Thee ! ’

Well are they named THE BANDS OF HOPE : for theirs
Are promised boons and blessings : fruit of prayers !
And they are our great FUTURE : planted seed.
Trained up to hallowed thoughts and acts : their creed
Is this—Do right, and leave the rest to God !
So shall they trust His staff—nor fear His rod.

Thus, the stream, pure and fertile from its source,
Cheers, purifies, and strengthens, as it flows.
Who knows where their example may have force ?
It may be in some palace-home—who knows ?

Here is your holiest harvest, Temperance friends ;
Here is the recompense the Master sends ;
Sow ; ye will amply reap ; and gather in
To garners—pure from taint, or guilt, or sin.

YOUNG DRUNKARDS.—“It appears that in many parts of the country the evil begins at the earliest age, and that youths and children may be found among its victims.” “The ages of this band of juvenile drunkards range from under twelve years to twenty-one, among whom are 25 girls and 32 boys from fourteen to sixteen years old. ‘The public-house thus blights two generations at once.’ ‘Lads of nine and ten begin to frequent public-houses with their parents.’ ‘The men drink, the women drink, the children drink ! Babes at the breast learn to drink. Infants are brought to the public-houses.’”—*York Convocation Report.* “I know” said Archbishop Manning, “there are boys and girls of twelve who are beginning to be drinkers of spirits.” “The Rev. Henry Berken deposed that he had seen boys of twelve years old staggering home, from the public-house, drunk.” Mr. Weylland, missionary to the public-houses in a London district, writes :—“As regards youth and the gin-shops, I would observe that multitudes of children are as certainly trained to be drunkards, as heathen children are to worship idols.”



XXIII.

God bless the children of the Sunday Schools ;
Where Virtue teaches, and where Order rules.

I heard this story of a little child ;
A Sunday scholar—tender, gentle, mild :
One Sabbath morn her father bade her go
And buy his beer : she meekly answered, ‘No !’
‘No, O my father, do not send me there ;
‘The day is holy, and I may not dare !’

‘Go, or I’ll flog thee : do as thou art bid !’
Again the child, with claspèd hands said, ‘ Nay,
‘ God’s law forbids it ; *that* I must obey.’
‘ If not,’ he said, ‘ I’ll flog thee : ’ and he did.

She sought her humble room, but shed no tear :
The father went himself and bought his beer.
While he sate drinking it, he heard a moan,
Something between a murmur and a groan—
At least, he thought so : and went up the stair :
To hear his little kneeling daughter’s prayer :
‘ Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part :
‘ O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father’s heart !’

He heard and went ; but soon was on the stair—
To hear again his kneeling daughter’s prayer :
‘ Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part :
‘ O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father’s heart !’

BANDS OF HOPE AND JUVENILE TEMPLARS.—In 1847, the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliffe, assisted by a few ladies, originated the first Band of Hope, at Leeds. It is impossible to overrate the value of this grand movement—they are emphatically the FUTURE. A bare list of these “societies” would occupy some pages of this book. There is not a town and hardly a village in the kingdom that has not such a society. They are earnestly guided and governed, morally and religiously taught, and will grow up to be the blessings, not only of their own homes, but of the world. It is estimated that in England, Wales, and Ireland there are 5,000 societies, 900,000 members, and 7,000 helpers or teachers, lecturers or aids. Scotland adds largely to this enormous list. In every one of our colonies such societies are doing similar work for the young. The auxiliary objects are, to secure regular attendance at Sunday-schools ; to inculcate all good habits—honesty, truthfulness, obedience, cleanliness, kindness, &c. ; and to discourage and create a disgust for all bad or offensive habits ; in short, to make the children honest, upright, loveable, Christians.



James Sant, R.A.]

[J. D. Cooper.

"THE PRAYER WAS HEARD"



He sate alone—alone : what made him think
Some bitter mingled with his usual drink :
And that he saw a light, dispelling gloom—
Filling the cheerless and half-furnished room ;
And then a hand that pointed to the stair ?
And who will say nor light nor hand was there ?—
He rose and went : a third time heard the prayer :
' Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part :
' O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart !'

His Guardian Angel, though unseen, was near ;
What whisper was it entered heart and ear ?

Heaven's ray was shining on the tear he wept !
On the stair-head he also knelt—to pray :
' Teach me Almighty God, to bear *my* part :
' O, dear Lord Jesus, change *her* father's heart !'

The prayer was heard : from that God-blesséd day
He drank no poison-drop ; and never more
Cross'd he the threshold of the drunkard's door :

The pledge he took, and well that pledge he kept.
And dearly does the good man love to hear
His little kneeling child's thanksgiving-prayer ;
That fills the house and makes all sunshine there :
' Thank thee, O God ! I bear my easy part :
' For thou, Lord Jesus, changed my father's heart !'

WINE, SPIRITS, AND BEER AS "FOOD."—The idea that wine, spirits, and beer are to be classed among the good things given of God for the enjoyment of man is exploded by science as well as experience. "Alcohol can in no sense be regarded as a good creature of God;" it is an artificial, not a natural product—"a product of fermentation, an *educt* of distillation." It is a gross slander to describe alcohol as a production of Nature; "alcohol does not exist in plants, but is a product of vinous fermentation." After sketching out certain of the special diseases which spring from the action of alcohol, B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., thus concluded a lecture at Birmingham:—"Alcohol, like chloroform, is a narcotic; it is in no sense a food; it reduces the animal heat and force; overtaxes the heart; weakens the muscles; paralyses the brain and nervous system generally; destroys the vital organs; induces many bodily and mental diseases; implants evil influences which pass from one generation to another; lessens the happiness and usefulness; and shortens the life of every generation that indulges in its dangerous use."



XXIV.

He had his warnings ! yes : he met the crowd
Of CONVERTS, pledged to rule themselves and others :
Total-Abstainers, Templars, Temperance-brothers ;
Heard what they said, in language low or loud.
They had been drunkards all their lives, these men :
They had been : but they were not drunkards then !

Such meetings open with thanksgiving prayer :
Asking God's presence and God's blessing there :
With hallowed hymns of praise, from old and young :
This is the hymn, that night, those CONVERTS sung.

Sound the trumpet in Zion ! the Lord is at hand,
To sign with the sign, and to brand with the brand !

They come, the earth-burthened and bound : who are they,
All dismal and dark, and in soddened array ?
Hark ! the wail of despair from that desolate train !
They call on the mountains to hide them, in vain.
Their doom is to live, and endure to the last,
Through ages on ages, remorse for the past !

Sound the trumpet in Zion !

Sound the trumpet in Zion ! the Lord is at hand,
To sign with the sign, and to brand with the brand !

And these, clad in garments of light, who are they,
That chant the glad anthems of praise while they pray
The souls that ascend are the perfected just,

WHERE NO PUBLIC HOUSES EXIST, there are peace, comfort, prosperity, health, happiness, public and private duties righteously discharged, churches of all denominations regularly attended, children well clad and carefully educated ; the police is a formality ; the workhouse but a shelter for the aged or incapable ; jails are unsupplied with "guests," or receive only strangers ; in a word, there is no pernicious cause, and therefore no pestilent effect. To support this statement a hundred witnesses give testimony to the Canterbury and Northern Convocations. "No public-house and no crime" is a passage that continually occurs in their Reports. Saltaire, Bessbrook, Seghill—the Northumbrian miner village of 2,000 inhabitants who had two public-houses, and willed to have none, so resolving by votes of six to one—these and other places under the self-imposed and salutary law are quoted in support. In the diocese of Canterbury there are a thousand parishes that have no public-house and no beer-shop. To the "Shaftesbury Park Estate" I shall make more distinct reference elsewhere.

[C. M. Grey.

"OUTSIDE, THE WOMEN AND THE CHILDREN."

G. Montbard.]





Released and relieved from the burthen of dust,
For ever will earth-love be Heaven-love there,
And the glory they see be the glory they share.

Sound the trumpet in Zion.

Yes ! they know how to hymn and praise and pray.
Hear what RECLAIMED DRUNKARDS had to say.

I.

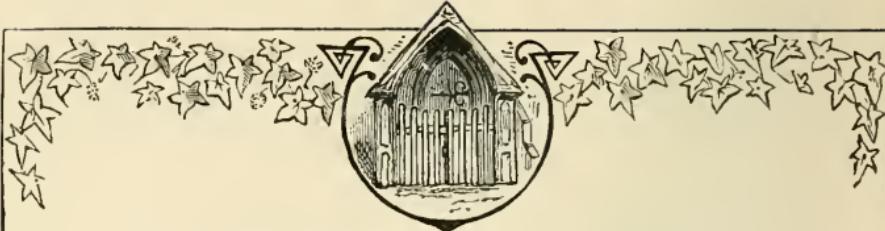
SAM FOX : ‘ I knew the good man—one of seven :
All drunkards ! six died off, but he remained :
For not too late, the prize was sought and gained.
(He was a native of my native Devon ;
Sweet shire, that bounteous Nature richly dowers,
Sweet shire, whose dells and glens are fairy bowers,
Sweet shire, whose very weeds are fragrant flowers !)
He was a Temperance-teacher, there and then :
Pleasant it was to hear his manly voice
Exclaim, ‘ Rejoice with me, my friends, rejoice ! ’

We pray, as did the Pharisee : and bless
Our God ‘ we are not as are other men !
But not, as he did, in unholy pride :
No ! like the trembling sinner at his side,
We pray, in meek and lowly thankfulness ! ’

2.

JEM JACKS : ‘ I was a devil in my room ;
The one room—well you know it : nothing there :

STRIKES.—“ Nearly all the strikes and disputes originate in the public-house.” “ The principal disturbances between masters and men, I am led to believe, have their origin in the public-house. There would very rarely be any serious differences which could not be amicably settled but for the public-houses.” “ I believe that the closing of public-houses would close nearly every trades’ union in the country.”—*York Convocation Report.* “ I need not draw upon fancy to picture the terrible evils that arise from ‘ strikes ; ’ I have witnessed them. Some years ago, I saw in Northumberland many hundreds, I believe thousands, of men, women, and children *camping out* under the miserable shelter of hedges and ditches, enduring an almost incredible amount of suffering and want ; years of hard toil could not have restored them to the state in which they were, previous to futile sacrifices ; it was ruin to the employers in many cases ; but that ruin inferred a long-continued wretchedness to whole families of the employed.”—“ THANKSGIVING : 27th February, 1872.” Beaumont Institution Prize Essay, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.



No bed—no table—no, not even a chair.
I drank ; and seemed to hug my dismal doom :
The wife could hardly call her life her own :
By day she smiled, at night I heard her moan.
The children shrank from me : yet asked for bread :
In their wan sunken cheeks their tale was read.
Such is, you know, the drunkard's common fate :
You found me, brothers, and—"TWAS NOT TOO LATE !'

3.

BILL BROOKS : 'I'd never seen a church inside,
But once : when I took Ellen there, a bride :
She knew the truth—but then the words were spoken :

To a degraded drunkard she was wed :
And, afterwards, her heart was well-nigh broken :

Such was the miserable life I led :
But blessed be the change : ask her—she'll tell,
That now we know the happy church-door well.
Now, every Sabbath day, you find me there ;
Kneeling, with my dear wife, in thankful prayer.'

'Ay,' said the wife, 'and now I love thee more
Than when we entered first that open door.'

4.

PAT BYRNE : 'Hear me : I struck a comrade dead ;
Both whisky-mad : 'twas 'self-defence,' they said.

"AN EPIDEMIC OF BRUTALITY."—"It would appear that higher wages, or, in other words, higher living, less work, and *more drink*, have brought out into fuller bloom the brutal nature of too many of our countrymen."—*Times*. "There is not one in one hundred of the cases referred to that does not issue from the public-house." The words of Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be confirmed by judges and magistrates throughout the kingdom—"they were suffering from the epidemic of brutality, and the papers were filled day by day with horrible crimes committed on women, children, and defenceless persons." "These cases of brutal violence generally arise from the horrible habit of drinking to excess."—Earl Percy. "If there is one fact certain in social science, it is that drink, and drink alone, is the cause, direct or indirect, of 95 per cent of the crimes of violence in this country."—Sir Edward Sullivan. "I believe the public-houses and the beer-houses are the sources of all the mischief."—Robertson Gladstone. "Drunkenness leads not only to murder, but to every crime that blackens the criminal calendar."—*Daily Telegraph*.



Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.]

[J. C. Griffiths.

"BOTH WHISKEY MAD."



But well I knew God did not see it so :
Neither did I who gave that fatal blow.
I did repent : my comrade had no time :
But life has been one penance for that crime.
Blessed be God, I joined the million band
That took the pledge from Father Mathew's hand.
He is a Saint in Heaven : but he can see
 The field he planted, forty years ago,
 Now barren, lacking culture : well ye know,
He,—with the just made perfect,—prays for ye.
If fervent prayers of righteous men avail
‘ Much ’ while on earth—in Heaven they cannot fail.
Your house was swept and garnished : will ye sin
And so let fiercer devils enter in ?
My countrymen, you grieve him even there.
 Rouse from oblivion of his work and pray !
 So shall your night become the sun-lit day,
And joyful hallelujahs follow prayer.’

5.

TOM JONES : ‘ I let my worn-out mother lie,
At parish cost, to fret and pine and die :
Now she is here ; is sitting by my side
In fervent thankfulness—in humble pride.
 She keeps my pleasant home : we chat, and drink
The cup that brings no self-reproach nor sorrow
No head-ache and no heart-pain to the morrow.

DRUNKENNESS IN IRELAND.—Alas ! all accounts from Ireland concur in describing drunkenness to be almost as extensive there as it was before Father Mathew wrought his wonderful reformation in the habits of its people. Immense efforts are making by Protestant and Roman Catholic to restore temperance to a country proverbially rich in “ raw material ; ” and by God’s help and blessing these efforts will be successful. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin wrote thus :—“ Drunkenness is the source of nearly all the crimes committed in this country, and is leading to the eternal perdition of all who indulge in it.” Chief Baron Pigott said, at the Tipperary Assizes, “ The offence of drunkenness is at the bottom of every crime in the country.” Baron Fitzgerald, “ Nineteen-twentieths of the crimes committed in Ireland is traceable to that most powerful source of crime—drunkenness.” It is stated in the *Times* that, of the criminal classes in Ireland, “ 42 per cent of the men of known bad character proceeded against by indictment or summarily were described by the police as ‘ habitual drunkards.’ ”



There, in our easy chairs, we sit and think
How much of the week's wage we sent away—
Where? to the bank, to meet the rainy day :
The mother dear is seldom left alone,
And I am now her comfort and her joy.'
The mother rose and said, 'Ay, both, my boy !
Yes ! and the house he lives in is his own :
Friends of the workman visit us : and see
OUR CITY where no poison-shop can be !'

6.

WILL SYMS : 'I was a wreck the drink had made—
Shattered and battered—dwindled to a shade—
Limbs tottering—shaking hands—sure fruits of sin :
I had grown weak on beer and weak on gin :
A fair day's work was more than I could do :
Look at me—I can do the work of two.
Feel this right arm—but not to dread a blow ;
The power is gone—in that way—long ago.
Talk of beer giving strength, it's all a lie :
I bid my comrades grapple me, and try.'

7.

BOB SMITH : 'I drove my own shay through the town,
And brought the good wife in her silken gown :
Our cause of thankfulness no tongue can tell :
'Twas surely entering Heaven out of Hell.

THE SUNDAY TRAFFIC.—In the year 1853 a majority of the people of Scotland asked Parliament to close the public-houses during the whole of Sunday, and it was done. In 1873 Ireland asked for a similar boon, and it was refused; on a division, 129 voted "Yes," 220 "No." Yet that it has worked well in Scotland, no one for a moment questioned. Of the Irish members, 42 voted for and 10 against; of Scottish members, 37 for and 4 against; of English members, 50 for and 206 against. That is an Irish grievance of which the country may with justice complain. Of Sunday traffic the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore writes:—"The Sabbath being a day of rest from labour, the young assemble there, and there it is that wicked and designing men ply their victims with drink and then engage them in societies alike subversive of order and religion." "On a Sunday evening I have counted as many as forty lads in a beer-shop; and at the railway station on a Sunday evening there is a fearful amount of intoxication, or rather semi-intoxication."—*Northern Convention Report.*



Rudolf Lehmann.]

[Butterworth & Heath.

"I SENT MY DAUGHTER OUT TO BEG."



Ah ! the wife knows the difference full well !'
The wife rose up, said 'Thank God !' and sate down.

8.

JOHN CLARE : 'I lost my wife, and sought, in vain,
To drown in drink my sorrow ; fatal error !
There came to me a yet more ghastly terror :
The dread that we could never meet again.
One sleepless night I saw her by my side :
Nay, *saw* her : 'twas no fancy ; she had died ;
Yet there she stood ; the early gleam of morning
Shone through her form : she came to bring me warning.

I say I *saw* her ; why not ? Is it true
That Peter saw an angel ? true that he
Of Patmos, sought to worship one : and knew
A 'fellow servant' of the One Great King ?
Did Paul the 'light' in fancy only see ?
Did shepherds *think* they heard the angels sing ?
'If it be you,' I sobbed, 'give me some token !'
When, lo ! the glasses on the board were broken.
No hand was near them : but a hand had brought
A Bible : hers : from which she learned and taught.
It told me what the drunkard's after life—
Here and hereafter—what that life must be.
'Are we for ever parted, then, dear wife ?'
I asked : she clasped her hands and answered 'No !

EXTENT OF THE PUBLICANS' TRADE.—"If the statement of the Solicitor-General be true—that there is more capital embarked in the trade of the licensed victualler than that in the cotton trade and the woollen trade combined—if it were true that would be a crying disgrace to the nation."—A. J. Mundella, M.P. "But," he added, "it is not true!" If it does not, as Sir John Holker says it does, involve "a capital of 117 millions," "employing 90,000 persons," the capital is certainly very large. To give interest on that capital, and remunerate those who do the work, these pages show the frightful payments exacted. "The rich are, day by day, becoming richer; the poor are, day by day, becoming poorer; side by side with augmented luxury, you have increasing misery: a band of monopolists are enriching themselves and living upon the hard-won earnings of the people."—Sir Wilfrid Lawson. We know "by this craft they have their wealth," we know also that "their craft is in danger." "To pay the interest of that capital how many homes are desolated, how many drunkards have been buried in pauper graves!"



Repentant sinners may be white as snow.'

For that God sent my angel wife to me !'

9.

GEORGE BLIGH : ' God punished me : I had a son :
Where he is now, alas ! I tell to none.

When he was but a boy, and saw, sometimes,
How self-indulgence paved the way to crimes,
He said, ' I'll take the pledge : ' but I said ' No,
The pledge is but a mean thing and a low.'

He did not take it : would to God he had :

He would have been the comfort of my years,
Instead of—well, these are but natural tears :
For he went altogether to the bad.

I took the pledge myself : and keep away

His children from the workhouse : they have taken
The pledge I would not let him take : and they
Are not as he was—by himself forsaken.'

10.

JAMES BLAKE : ' Of me Hell did not get the whole :
It left one touch of nature in my soul.
I had two birds, and dearly loved those birds—
With what a depth of love ! Too deep for words.

A leaf, a flower, will grow on every stem.

They were but common pariahs of the street :
But the woods had no music half as sweet.

TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHER CLASS.—The Rev. Sidney Smith, writing to Lady Holland, says:—" Let me state some of the good arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors: sweet sleep ; having never known what sweet sleep was, I now sleep like a baby or a plough-boy." Thomas Guthrie, D.D.:—" I have these four reasons for continuing to be a total abstainer: 1st, my health is stronger; 2nd, my head is clearer; 3rd, my heart is lighter; 4th, my purse is heavier." Edward Baines:—" I believe most conscientiously that I enjoy myself more, enjoy my food more, enjoy whatever I have taken to drink more, enjoy my sleep more, and enjoy my work more, and have done more work than if I had taken any intoxicating drink." Richard Cobden:—" I have acted on the principle that fermented and distilled drinks are useless for sustaining strength, and the more work I have had to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and teapot." John Bright, M.P.:—" From the time he became a householder, he had not bought any wine or spirituous liquors whatever. He had in his house no decanters ! "



William Macduff.]

[W. Ballingall.

"A POOR STREET STRAY."



He cannot be all evil, who is good
To the dependent : I had wanted food,
 Yet always managed to get food for them

One day I went out early : day had gone,
And I was drinking when the night came on ;
I laid me down beside some sheltering door—
Drunk : and I rose at day-dawn to drink more—
Deaf to the work-call early morning brings.

The next night came : with no foreboding gloom—
 As yet—I staggered to my wretched room.
I stopped—to hear the flutter of their wings :
They knew my step upon the broken stair :
Where was their welcome chirrup—twit-twit—where ?

No water ! only husks of eaten seed !
My little, loving, pets were starved and dead !
But were they birds or angels ? who can tell ?
God's messengers they were, I know that well,
 Missioned to save me in my direst need,
When the drink-madness swayed the heart and head.
Angels or birds, they died to set me free :
Angels or birds, their wings I often see,
And hear their chirrup—twit-twit—cheering me.
Their empty cage is now my sacred shrine :
I kneel and pray there : pray to LOVE DIVINE !'

II.

There rose from out the crowd a tiny boy !

ADULTERATION.—"The certain truth that our alcoholic beverages—notably, whisky, gin, brandy, and rum—contain a deleterious agent which is decimating our population. . . They are largely mixed with amylic or fusel oil, ingredients which condition, for the most part, the miserable consequences of habitual sottishness. All the spirits in use are nothing more or less than alcohol thus flavoured."—Mr. Phillips, principal of the Laboratory of the Analytical Department for the Inland Revenue. "The ingredients put into the drink encourage thirst. I believe that the beer at all the houses is more or less drugged to excite thirst."—*York Convocation Report*. "Upwards of sixty persons expressed belief in the adulteration of beer." "The worst kind is a cheap liquor popularly called 'clink'."—*Canterbury Convocation Report*. Of wines, Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., gives the results of the full analysis of nineteen samples of sherry, of which eight were of the highest quality procurable. The whole of the wines were "fortified" with extraneous spirit to a large extent—in fact, to nearly double the natural quantity.



A poor street stray he was, a child of shame,
Who had no mother-welcome when he came.
His life had never known a single joy.
Was he a drunkard? Yes, they gave him drink
When he was hungry—with incipient crime.
O'er the dark pit he stood: upon the brink:
When Mercy stretched an ever-helping hand,
And the poor waif was floated to the strand.
It was a 'ragged school' that saved the youth:
Low as he was, it taught him what was good—
To earn by daily labour daily food:
And laid foundations of all virtue—Truth!
One of the shoe brigade the boy was made,
(God bless the man who formed that helpful trade!)
He spoke no word: but one to whom was known
His present and his past, said this alone;
In common words, but such as touch the chord
In every heart, when earthly music vies
With Heaven's own sympathetic harmonies:
'Twas this: 'Behold! A BROTHER OF THE LORD!'

I 2.

IGNOTUS: 'Once, I was a man of fame;
And some of you would stare to hear my name:
I sent my daughter out to beg: and drank
The pence she brought me: drank and did not shrink;

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—“Few have any adequate conception of the immense hindrances to missionary success which are presented by the foreign trade of this country in strong drink. . . . The native mind, seeing that it is the same nation which offers both Christianity and strong drink, classes the two things in the same category, and regards the Gospel as sanctioning drunkenness.”—*Canterbury Convocation Report*. “Wherever we go, there goes with us the Englishman’s curse—the drink, and the Englishman’s sin—the intemperance which flows from it. From the African negro; the North American Indian, whose lands we are inundating with the unholy traffic; the New Zealander, whom we had well-nigh won to Christ, but whose noble race we are demoralising with the drink more certainly, than we are evangelising it with the Gospel, there is going up one great wail of distress, one sorrowful witness of shame and reproach against England.”—Rev. Canon Ellison. “The beautiful islands which gem the bosom of the Pacific, in peril of being flung back into the scathed and blighted desolation of spiritual death.”—John Bright, M.P.

[Butterworth & Heath.

"AT BREAK OF DAY."

John Tenniel.]





That daughter sits beside me now : we thank
God and you—**HELPERS**—with no sense of shame :
For Death would be more welcome than the drink.'

13.

There rose a palsied, haggard, ghastly, man,
Branded by outer marks of Nature's ban :
The huge frame was a wreck : these words he spoke :
'I knew not what I'd done, till I awoke—
From sleep that gives no rest—at break of day :
There, on the blood-stained floor, a woman lay.

Just twenty years have passed since that dark night :
And she—my wife—has never left my sight :
Sleeping or waking, she is always near .
I see her as I killed her : she is here !
Nay, shun this red right hand : but have no fear :
Hark ! to her words of warning : for you may
Be MURDERERS—like me—ere break of day.'

14.

Another rose and said : ' I gave no blow :
But of the drunkard's work I did my part :
I only broke a loving woman's heart !
'Twas sure : although, in coming, Death was slow.
I saw her pining—on the way to die :
And well I knew the fatal reason why.

THE SOCIETIES.—I have intimated that a mighty force is arrayed to destroy intemperance, labouring not only in the Metropolis, but in the Provinces, in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and in our Colonies. The principal National organizations are the British Temperance League, the National Temperance League, the Scottish Temperance League, and the Irish Temperance League. These societies hold meetings, employ lecturers, and issue serial and other publications in great numbers. "To the Bands of Hope I have referred elsewhere. There are also a number of "Orders," such as the Rechabites, Sons of Temperance, and GOOD TEMPLARS. The last named have about 5,000 "lodges" in the United Kingdom, with 350,000 members. Among various religious denominations, societies exist to carry on the temperance work. "The Church of England Temperance Society" was reconstructed in February 1873. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are presidents. Many of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, and in England Cardinal Manning and other zealous enemies of drunkenness, are waging a vigorous war against the vice.



They said I was not wicked : merely weak :
Yet none the less I know her heart *did* break.
It is a dreary tale of sin and shame :
Drink—the soul-poison—always leads to crime.
We had a Stately Home : an honoured name :
I saw her there—on earth, the latest time :
Waiting and watching : she had left her bed,
To warn me—and, at break of day, was dead.
That wretch—I read his story, every line :
His wife he murdered, and I murdered mine !'

15.

Another rose—a soldier : all he said
Was this : ‘Upon the battle-field I lay :
Friends, it was Temperance saved my life that day.’

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS *may* be led to think
Their deadliest foe, in war or peace, is Drink :
The social bane : the moral blight : the curse
That palsies discipline : the fatal nurse
Of crime : its prompter : that dishonour brings
To men of honour : faithful, loyal, true,
Worthy of trust and faith—in other things.

If still in vain their earnest pastors preach,
They learn the lesson simple women teach.
God bless them ! God will bless them ! so will you,
Soldiers and sailors—knowing what they do !

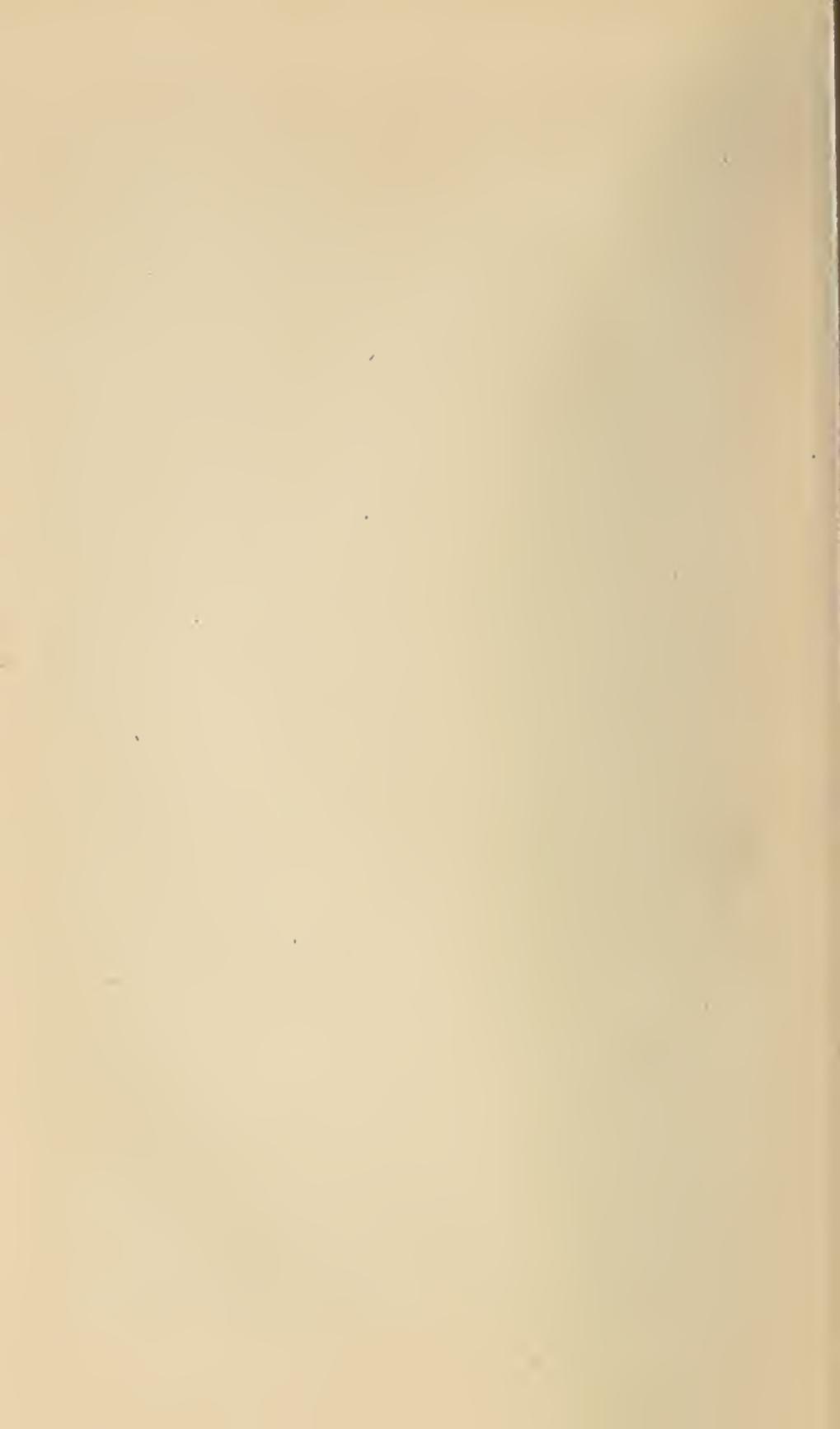
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—It is gratifying to know that, mainly through the instrumentality of one of God's missionaries, a good lady (Miss Robinson), Regimental Temperance Societies, in association with the National Temperance League, exist in 140 regiments, into which 7,730 total abstainers have been enrolled. The number is continually increasing. In the Navy, another excellent lady (Miss Weston) is doing similar work, and with like result. The admirable lady, Miss Nightingale, writing of the Crimea, grieves over the sight she often saw—of men not maimed in battle, but defaced by a foe more dreadful and deadly than the Russian or the plague. That soldiers and sailors can do, and are expected to do, without liquor, is proved by the results of the expedition to South Africa. This was the order: “No spirit ration will be issued, except on the requisition of the medical officers.” “No spirit ration means no crime; from the absence of liquor, no troops can have been healthier.”—“Narrative of the Red River Expedition.” In fact, all the reasoning of these notes has especial bearing on our soldiers and sailors.

[Butterworth & Heath.

"ON THE BATTLE-FIELD I LAY."

Elizabeth Thompson.]







16.

An old man rose : I do not name his name,
Nor do I tell my readers whence he came.
This was his tale : 'A painter drew a child
And called the picture 'INNOCENCE' : a grace
It was : the soul was pure and undefiled :
And, therefore, lovely were the form and face.
At his dear mother's knee, in earliest youth,
He knelt and prayed, in simple love and truth.

After long years had passed, the painter tried
A different theme—to picture GUILT—and found
His model in the jail : one deeply dyed

In evil thoughts and acts : low on the ground
He lay, a mortal image of Despair.
Nor love, nor faith, nor hope, existed there.
If you count life by years, yet in his prime :
But he had lived a century of crime.

At length, some faded clue of memory brought
A ray of past, yet not forgotten, thought ;
'Surely,' he said, 'those features I must know :'
Yes, 'twas the boy he painted long ago.

From the close scrutiny he did not shrink :
That man of sin—for whom a Saviour died :
'What brought you to this pass ?' he asked, and sighed.
The answer was one word—that word was 'DRINK !'

A SUMMARY IN FEW WORDS.—I might give as a SUMMARY of these notes, a passage from an essay, "How to stop Drunkenness," by the late Charles Buxton, M.P. (a brewer). It embodies all I desire to say as a conclusive comment on the "Facts" I have quoted :—"Not only does this vice produce all kinds of positive mischief, but it has also a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. . . . The struggle of the school, and the library, and the church, all united, against the beerhouse and the gin palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. IT IS INTOXICATION THAT FILLS OUR JAILS; IT IS INTOXICATION THAT FILLS OUR LUNATIC ASYLUMS; AND IT IS INTOXICATION THAT FILLS OUR WORKHOUSES WITH POOR. WERE IT NOT FOR THIS ONE CAUSE, PAUPERISM WOULD BE NEARLY EXTINGUISHED IN ENGLAND. . . . THE INTELLECTUAL, THE MORAL, AND THE RELIGIOUS WELFARE OF OUR PEOPLE, THEIR MATERIAL COMFORTS, THEIR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS, ARE ALL INVOLVED." The pamphlet is published by Partridge, Paternoster Row.



More years went by, and Mercy came at last :
Came, even after the eleventh hour—
Came, with Repentance, the soul-healing power.
Shame and remorse were only of the past :
For he who was the ‘ INNOCENCE ’ you see,
And ‘ GUILT ’ now stands before you—I am he ! ’

XXV.

And were they silent—sisters, wives, and mothers,
Who sate beside their husbands, sons, and brothers ?
No ! with full hearts they hailed that happy day.
Hear what those THANKFUL WOMEN had to say.

I.

A woman rose—a hearty, handsome, wife :
And this is what she said : ‘ Look at my son :
Ruddy and strong, and full of healthful life :
And will be so, please God, till life is done.
My eldest born, alas ! I could not bring :
He is a paralytic—poor young thing ! ’

2.

Slowly, another woman rose and said .
“ I was as bad as he was : quite as bad :
We drank the poison cup that made us mad.
It was an awful, wicked, life we led.
To sober neighbours we were plagues and pests :

THOSE WHO MAKE THE DRINK.—“ Where, in the eye of Eternal Justice, is the difference between him who strikes the blow of death and him who knowingly maddens the brain, and tempts and fires the soul to strike it ? ”—Report American Temperance Society. “ He was satisfied that every manufactory for spirits was a manufactory of poison ; that every spirit-store was a magazine of death ; and that every person who was concerned in the trade of making or selling spirits was a distributor of disease and death.”—Judge Crampton. “ I know that the cup is poisoned : I know that it may cause death : that it may lead to crime—to the tortures of everlasting remorse. Am I not then a murderer—worse than a murderer—as much worse, as the soul is better than the body ? ”—Rev. Dr. Beecher at Boston. “ If any man has priority of claim to a share in this work of death it is the manufacturer.”—Rev. Dr. Fiske. The difference between death by simple poison and death by habitual intoxication may extend to the whole difference between everlasting happiness and eternal misery.” “ It is the worst kind of murder.”



W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.]

[*Dalziel Brothers.*

"I MUST BE A THIEF."



Foul objects every honest man detests :
And every decent woman : day and night
They heard us snarl and wrangle, swear and fight.
' Our children—yes, we heard our children cry
For food—and drank : and left them at the door :
Pitied of happy children, passing by :
Well, that will happen—never, never, more.'
It was a child who saved us : that's the truth
And here he is : our son, our honest youth.
' Mother,' he said, with sobs of heavy grief,
' Mother, I'm hungry : I must be a thief.
To-night I shall go steal : I cannot die.'
We heard the words : my husband heard and I.
' To-night ?' I faintly murmured, ' wait until
To-morrow : ' and he bowed and said, ' I will.'
That night we took the pledge : and since that day
Our boy has never hungered : and they say—
The neighbours say—we help them on their way.
Dear husband, do we ever quarrel ? ever ?'
A rough voice from the crowd said, ' never ! never !'

3.

The next who spoke was a stout fisher-wife
One who had lived with Nature all her life.
What brought *her* to that meeting—can you think ?
There sat beside her three who, with their wives,

THE HORRORS OF THE VICE.—At the risk of repetition, I print the following passage from an essay by RUSSELL T. TRAILL, M.D.:—"Innumerable spectacles of woe—ten thousand sights of horror—countless scenes of degradation and misery—and all the blackening train of vice and crime, beggary, devastation, and undistinguished ruin that follow in the wake of the drinking fashion and folly, have brought this subject home, in all its frightful phases, to our thoughts and feelings! We have all heard the sounds of drunken revelry mingling with the night winds ; we have all heard the wail of the suffering woman borne on the breeze; the orphan's cry echoed from a thousand barren tenements of want and wretchedness; we have seen the outcast offspring of the inebriate running wild and woe-stricken through our streets. . . . We have listened to the maniac's scream upon the burdened air, and beheld the human form divine despoiled of nearly every manly attribute, and we have said, truly, *all this is the work of Alcohol*; and many of us have said, *with this foul thing we will no more !*"



Came to give thanks to God for altered lives.
She said : ' My husband's mates may have for drink
Some small excuse ; for often rain and storm
Make them believe the whisky keeps them warm.
Ah, no : the women know what drink will cost :
For one man saved—if one—a hundred lost.
Come to our home—our cottage by the sea,
And know what Temperance gives to him and me :
While my good husband toils, by night and day,—
Ploughing what poets call the wild sea-foam,
And gathering there a harvest—to bring home,
His precepts guide—but his example teaches—
His comrades—with a single word he preaches,—
Not saying *go*—but *come*—he leads the way.'

4.

A WIFE : ' He was no drunkard,—that I say—
My husband ; but his wages went the way
That brings no comfort, does no earthly good :
Only gives patch'd-up clothes and stinted food.
Enough he spent to make and leave us poor :
But still we kept the wolf outside the door.

When he went out, each day, for many a year,
He gave *me* fourpence for *my* pot of beer.

One night he came home, seeming very low :
And sigh'd and said—' Ah ! Mary, we must go :

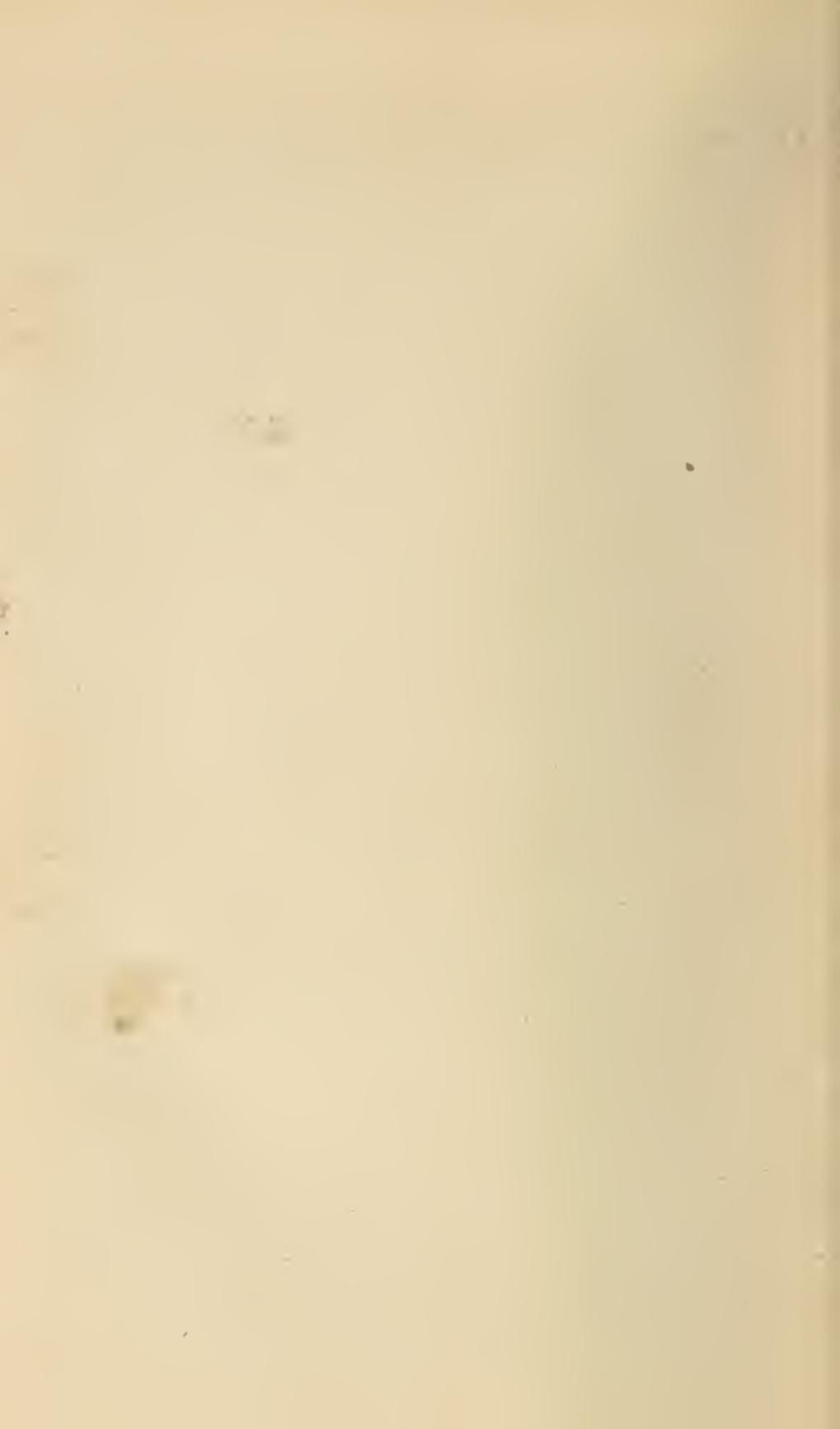
THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The subject ordinarily treated under the heading "Maine Liquor Law" is so large and comprehensive that it is better to pass it over entirely than treat it cursorily ; but any reader can obtain full details. Its brave and eloquent advocate, General Neal Dow, has been for some time in England addressing numerous meetings in various parts of the country ; he does not rest his right to belief on his own high character, but sustains his testimony by evidence indubitable that, instead of being a failure, "the law" has produced enormous and prodigiously beneficial results. Even the Solicitor-General, when contending that the law is inoperative, said it was because drink could be had "*on the sly*." "The law compels all dealers to carry on their nefarious trade secretly." "Oxford County, in Maine, the home of the Governor of Maine, has no grog-shop, and its jail is without an occupant. Several other counties are without grog-shops and with empty jails." Other energetic American gentlemen have been in England giving their experience to the same effect.



W. Hemsley.]

"PITIED OF HAPPY CHILDREN."

[J. C. Griffiths.





The lease of this poor house will soon be sold.
I asked, 'for how much?' 'Twenty pounds in gold !'
'Buy it yourself,' I said ; 'I'm more than willing,'
He answered, 'but I have not saved a shilling.'

I opened an old box—my mother's gift,
Bought with the hoarded produce of long thrift.
I opened it—and slowly poured out thence
Shillings and sixpences, and pounds and pence.
They were the fourpences he'd given me, thinking
I'd spent them all upon my private drinking.

And that's the way our own the house became.

You guess what joy I had to hear him say,
'Henceforth no pence of mine shall find their way
Into the till—from this God-blesséd day.'

Most of you, friends, may do the very same.
And now that Fortune smiles, and seldom frowns,
Our fourpences are magnified to crowns.'

5

A woman asked : 'What fills your streets with sin ?
Whence does the, so-named, 'social evil' spring ?
The Devil has no helper like the gin.

I have a child ; but have no wedding-ring.
To my dark soul was brought a burning light ;
By One whose loving words were, 'Sin no more !
Who also said to sinners, 'Come to me !'

THE SHAFTESBURY ESTATE, a south-west suburb of London, is an experiment that has been a large success, and will be a vast blessing. It was a truism, that which Mr. Disraeli enunciated in July, 1874, when it was formally opened—that "the best security for civilization is the dwelling: that it is the real nursery of all domestic virtues." It is unnecessary to describe the "estate," for it is free to public inspection. No arguments are needed to sustain this evidence, taken from the "Canterbury Convocation Report":—"I have found almost invariably that a sluttish and uncomfortable home created or fostered intemperance amongst the working-classes, while cleanliness and cheerfulness on the part of the wife fostered home affections." Thus Mr. Hepworth Dixon describes the village of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, U.S.:—"No bar, no dramshop, no saloon defiles the place. Nor is there, I am told, a single gaming-hall or house of ill-repute. . . . The workman's paradise remains; a village in which every man accounts it his highest duty and his personal interest to observe the law."



He led me to the ever-open door,
And bade repentant sisters welcome me !
Will you ask me for counsel—you who write,
And paint, and talk, and teach, and preach, and pray ?

PREVENT : spare useless labour, idle breath ;
Wait not to save THE LOST : close up the way

That leads to social evil—social death ;
Close up the drinking dens by night and day.
So shall you find the prize you seek is won,
And more than half the work of Mercy done.'

Contrast with this, the maiden in her prime :
Ere sin and grief had done the work of time :
The artist takes his theme from 'long ago' :
'Tis truth to-day : and it was always so :
Corruption thrives where Taverns flourish : there
Sin opens Hell-gates to the young and fair.

6.

A woman in her prime rose up to speak :
' I drove my husband from his home, to seek
The cheer he paid for dearly—warmth and light.
So he was absent—spending—every night.
' Can I not change to what a wife should be,
And so change him ? ' I asked myself : ' I'll see : '
So when he home came in his work-day dress,
I met his greeting with a warm caress :
His shoes were heavy with the clogging mire :

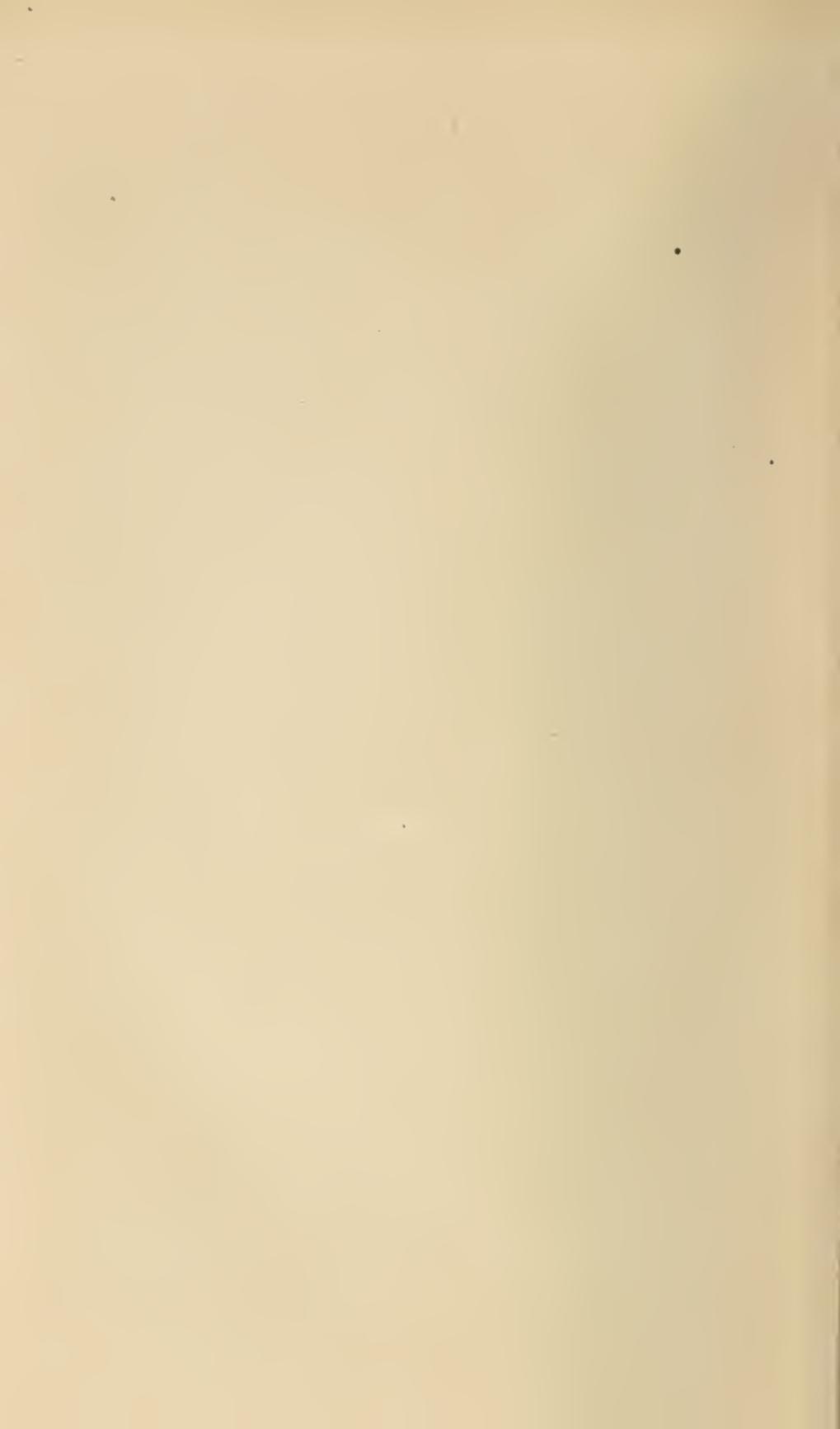
THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.—Of the associations that directly seek the assistance of law, by far the most influential is the United Kingdom Alliance, formed in 1853 for the Legislative Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors as beverages. Its president is Sir W. C. Trevelyan, and for some years past it has exerted itself most laboriously in support of the PERMISSIVE BILL of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, which, if enacted, would allow the ratepayers of every district to stop the sale of alcoholic liquors in their own locality, if the votes in favour of such action were IN THE PROPORTION OF TWO TO ONE. This direct appeal to Parliament is that of the Church of England, in so far as it is represented by the Report of the Canterbury Convocation, as shown in this passage :—"Your committee are of opinion that as the avowed object of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors is to supply a supposed public want, without detriment to public welfare, a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licences should be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected—NAMELY, THE INHABITANTS THEMSELVES."

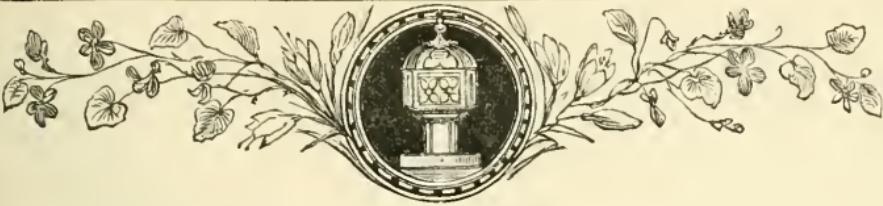


Fred. Pasmore.]

"THE MAIDEN IN HER PRIME."

[W. Ballingall.





He found his coat and slippers by the fire,
And the tea made—of which he seldom took :
A clean cloth on the table, and a book.
So passed an hour : he deemed it then too late
That night to join his comrades : there he sate,
While I my needle ply'd ; 'A night like this,'
He said, and kissed me, 'and I shall not miss
The public-house : and so save half-a-crown ;
And that goes some way to get you a gown,
Such as I've seen the landlord's lady wear ;
A month like this will buy an easy chair.'

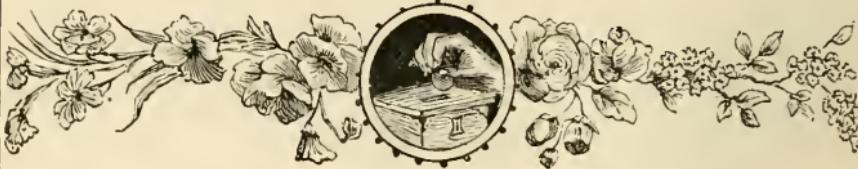
And so it did : and when his work is over,
'Tis very sweet to see him seated there.
Though ten years wedded, he is still my lover.

A good man taught this happy truth to me :
HOME COMFORTS bless the given and the giver :
They are what streams are to the fertile river :
And what the roots are to the leaf-clad tree.'

The husband rose ; and said, 'Ah ! you should see
The wife and children to my home-come run,
With joyful greeting, when my work is done !

Picture that HOME-COME, painter, do, and teach
Thousands—that printed warnings cannot reach.'

LADIES DRINKING.—A volume might be written on the text I copy from the *Practitioner*, 1871 : "the proposal to do away, entirely or for the greater part, with the provision of alcoholic drinks at evening parties for women." It is a heavy grief to know that "drinking customs" are terrible temptations to ladies, in society and in comparative secrecy at home—habit seems to beget impunity, but the penalty is of a surety paid. Dr. Wilks, physician to Guy's Hospital, writes this : "That diabolical compound styled *absinthe* is ruining the bodies and souls of many ladies in France." I have elsewhere referred to the allurements of confectioners' and grocers' shops. But there are strong authorities for the dismal fact that among ladies the abhorrent vice is rapidly, extensively, and awfully increasing—that, in plain truth, the 'custom' of wine and dram drinking by ladies is becoming an intolerable curse. "There is but one chance of salvation—actual bodily restraint; voluntary seclusion at a "Home" meant especially for this class of cases." So said several medical doctors at a meeting for establishing a Dipsomanic Home in London.



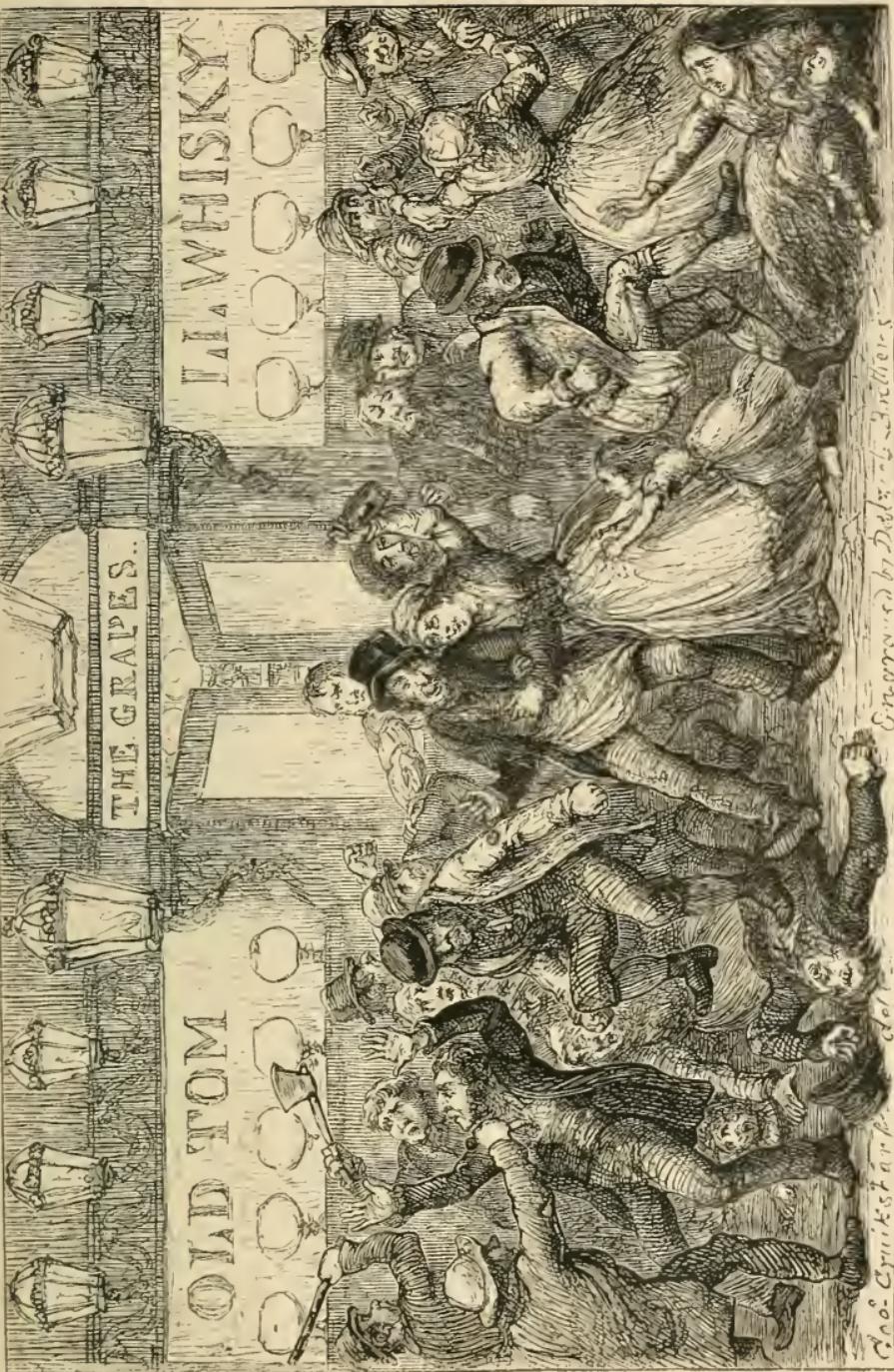
7.

A LADY spoke : a veil concealed her face ;
She said, ‘ I earned dishonour and disgrace.
To men, the public-house may be the curse,
But to the women, GROCERS’ SHOPS are worse.
They, with a lure invisible, entice
To shame—and add hypocrisy to vice :
Teach her to act a lie : for who will think
A woman goes there—as she does—for drink ?
No wine is named in the week’s bill or book ;
Nought to alarm or startle those who look.
The husband marvels so much *tea* is taken :
Suspicion comes at length : his faith is shaken :
The signs are there ; conviction follows doubt :
Of all our sins that sin will ‘ find us out.’
Take warning : dearly bought, yet simply told,
LET NO ONE PURCHASE TEA WHERE WINE IS SOLD !

A doctor made a drunkard, when he gave
The alcohol to me, and called it food ;
He said a falsehood when he said ‘twas good :
His poison doomed me to a living grave !’

A doctor, sitting near her, rose and said,
‘ She tells the truth ; there is no poison worse ;
Better a doom of death, a woman dead,
Ere children and their children share the CURSE.’

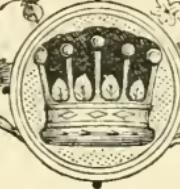
WHAT MIGHT BE!—In 1874, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said :—“ If the reduction of the revenue be due to the increasing habits of temperance and abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, he ventured to say that the amount of wealth such a change would produce would utterly throw into the shade the amount of revenue now derived from the spirit duty, and we should not only see with satisfaction a diminution of revenue from such a cause, but we should find in various ways that the Exchequer would not suffer from the loss that it might sustain in that direction.” The Rev. Dawson Burns, in a letter to the *Times*, adduced the figures of the drink-bill of the British people in 1874, amounting to “ one-third the declared value of all the imports of 1873, one-half the declared value of all the exports, £53,000,000 above the gross Imperial revenue in the year ending March 31, 1875, twice the gross receipts of our entire railway traffic in 1873 and eighteen millions over, twice the united capital of our savings banks with seven millions to spare, and nearly twice the estimated value of all our coal and metals at the places of production in 1873.”



George Cruikshank.]

"THE LAST HALF HOUR."

[Dulziel Brothers.



XXVI.

The Nobleman, who took the chair that night,
Rose, and looked proud and happy : well he might.
They knew him : all who had been sick or poor,
Or sinful, or in suffering : they had found
A messenger of mercy at their door,
Who tendered healing balm for every wound.
Achieving holy power and high renown
By levelling—raising up, not lowering down.
The loftiest lord of England is his peer,
Is the good, sober, working-man less dear ?
None are too high to be his co-mates : so
To be his brothers there are none too low.
He may lead millions to the ‘great white throne,’
And say, ‘Hail, master ! these are all thine own !’
The waifs and strays of earth who, saved by him,
Augment the armies of the Seraphim.

These words he spoke,—‘Hail, brothers ! he who brings
Honour and glory to his native land—
It dignifies my hand to take his hand ;
His rank is grander, loftier, far than mine :
A noble he of Nature—half divine :
He has *his* patent from the Kings of Kings !
Sinner—for whom is joy in Heaven and Earth,
To whom Repentance gives a second birth.

SALOONS.—“In some the songs and singers were too disgusting to be dangerous: in others it was very different.” “The songs were highly spiced with licentious hints, which were applauded by a mixed audience of both sexes.” “Youths of thirteen learn habits of intemperance at the music-halls and dancing-saloons.”—*Canterbury Report*. “The granting of licences for the sale of intoxicating drinks in music-halls, is producing an amount of demoralisation that cannot be exaggerated.” “There are public gardens here which demoralise the whole district.”—*York Report*. “These saloons, now so numerous throughout the country, are all of them more or less nurseries of drunkenness.”—*Mission House Report*. “A deputation of about 200 clergy of Glasgow waited upon the Lord Provost and magistrates, and presented a memorial pointing out the evils connected with the music-halls of that city. Mr John Burns, of the Cunard Company, said he had visited the worst places of Glasgow, but he never witnessed anything so revolting and so demoralising as the sights presented by the MUSIC-HALLS.”



Mightier than they who conquer Kingdoms they
Who o'er their passions and themselves hold sway.'

The very souls of that assembly stirred,
As the few words of that good man were heard.
There rose a cheer, a manly, hearty, cheer,
'Hurrah ! hurrah !' in voices loud yet clear :
The good old English cheer, renowned in story,
That heralds fame, and leads the way to glory.

XXVII.

Total-abstainers, Templars, Temperance-brothers !
What you won't take yourselves, you grudge to others.
What ! will you 'rob a poor man of his beer ?'
He is the owner of himself—that's clear—

And has the right to make himself a beast,
To desolate his home, to beat his wife,
To starve his children, and to taint his life.

Give the free Englishman his choice, at least ;
Your Legislators tell you that you ought :
Laws if they can't do all, they shall do—nought.
And if their sympathetic counsels fail,
They send him to learn Temperance—in the jail !
What ! will you 'rob a poor man of his beer ?'
The liberty all free-born men hold dear !
The right to spend his hard-earned wage in drink !
Wise Legislators very wisely think

"THE SOCIAL EVIL."—"The public-house is the mainstay of the 'Social Evil' as confessed by unfortunate women, when, from time to time, they have been led to the penitentiaries ; and after they have been reclaimed, the danger of a relapse hangs almost entirely upon a return to drinking habits." "To the effects of liquor, multitudes must refer both their *first deviation* from virtue, and their subsequent *continuance* in vice." Mr. J. Wilson, overseer of St. Margaret's, Westminster, deposed, that as to the causes of their fall—"Almost, if not always, they have attributed it to the excitement of liquor." It is as certain that sin has its most effective sustainers in the public-house as it is that sin exists. It is from the "last half-hour" the publican gets his gain : then miserable and sinful women have lost the last grain of shame ; then the tempters put out their glaring gaslights and count their gains, heedless of the miseries, the degradations, the crimes, the murders, the suicides—ripe produce of moneys heaped up in the till. "She drowns her remorse in drink, till a short life is finished by a loathsome sickness ending in death, or by suicide."

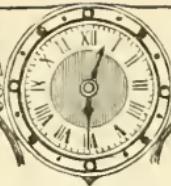


G. S. Storey.]

[J. D. Cooper.

"GIRL-EXAMPLES, RICHLY DOWERED."





That cure is better than prevention here.
Rob him of beer, and give him—what? instead—
A prosperous present, freed from future dread :
Respect of neighbours : gradual rise : no fall :
And SELF-RESPECT, the best good gift of all :
A wife who loves him, toils with him, and shares
Half of his joys and more than half his cares.
The Retrospect—life bright at every stage ;
The Prospect—honoured and revered old age.
You, folk of ‘THE ALLIANCE’—how you rave !

What are the wild things you are wildly telling ?
The one HALF-HOUR the Legislature gave
The Publican, fills many a pauper-grave ;
Brings wretchedness to many a cheerless dwelling !

XXVIII.

Take one line from the song—‘the Nation’s song !’
A line—sung often by the Circé crew :
‘FOR HE’S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY,’
And take one portrait from the horror-throng.
Terrific—nay, appalling—and yet true.
Thus ART may do what letters cannot do !
And GENIUS sway the many : not the few.

XXIX.

We claim the aid of those who represent us—
To crush the Hydra they alone may reach.

“THE LICENSING OF SIN is not the way to prevent or restrain it, but it is the way to sanction and perpetuate it, by declaring to the community that, if practised legally, it is right, and thus ignoring the efficacy of truth and facts in producing the conviction that it is wrong.” It has been well said (Rev. Dr. McKerrow at Edinburgh): “*The publican is an educator as well as the school-master;*” and it is a memorable passage in one of Mr. Gladstone’s speeches, “*THE LAW OUGHT TO MAKE IT EASY FOR MEN TO DO RIGHT, AND DIFFICULT FOR THEM TO DO WRONG.*” “*The Permissive Bill*”—or some “*Bill,*” its equivalent—may become the law of the land ; and these Kingdoms be relieved from an incubus infinitely more disastrous than was negro slavery, gaining a thousand-fold more than was gained by free trade—a boon to which the ballot is as a mere drop in the ocean to secure independence of thought and action. Yet these were the gains of MINORITIES that became MAJORITIES. A time may not be far distant when men will no more think of tolerating a dram-shop than of poisoning a well from which their neighbours and themselves draw water to drink.



At least, we pray they do not circumvent us
And negative our influence while we teach.
'Public Opinion' can, and will, do much ;
To lame men any stick may be a crutch ;
But with *them* rests the power to bless or ban :
 To them, and not to us, that power belongs,
They are responsible to God and man.
We do not brain a mad dog with a fan,
 Nor grasp a cobra with a sugar-tongs :
Yet that is just what they would have us do ;
And when our work is got entirely through,
And we have cleansed the stable, done our task :
THEN Parliament will give us all we ask !

XXX.

Dear friends, for God's, your own, your Country's, sake,
God give you strength to keep THE PLEDGE you take :
God give you WILL to take it ! do not shrink
From that—no matter what some say or think.
What is a PLEDGE ? A promise : nay, an oath :
 'A verbal contract made with God,' you say :
 With God—to do His work and walk His way.
The soldier and the sailor take it : both :
So does the Judge : the Peer, however great :
The Member takes it when he takes his seat.
At the Baptismal font, *a pledge* we give.
In Marriage, with a ring we *pledge* a troth.

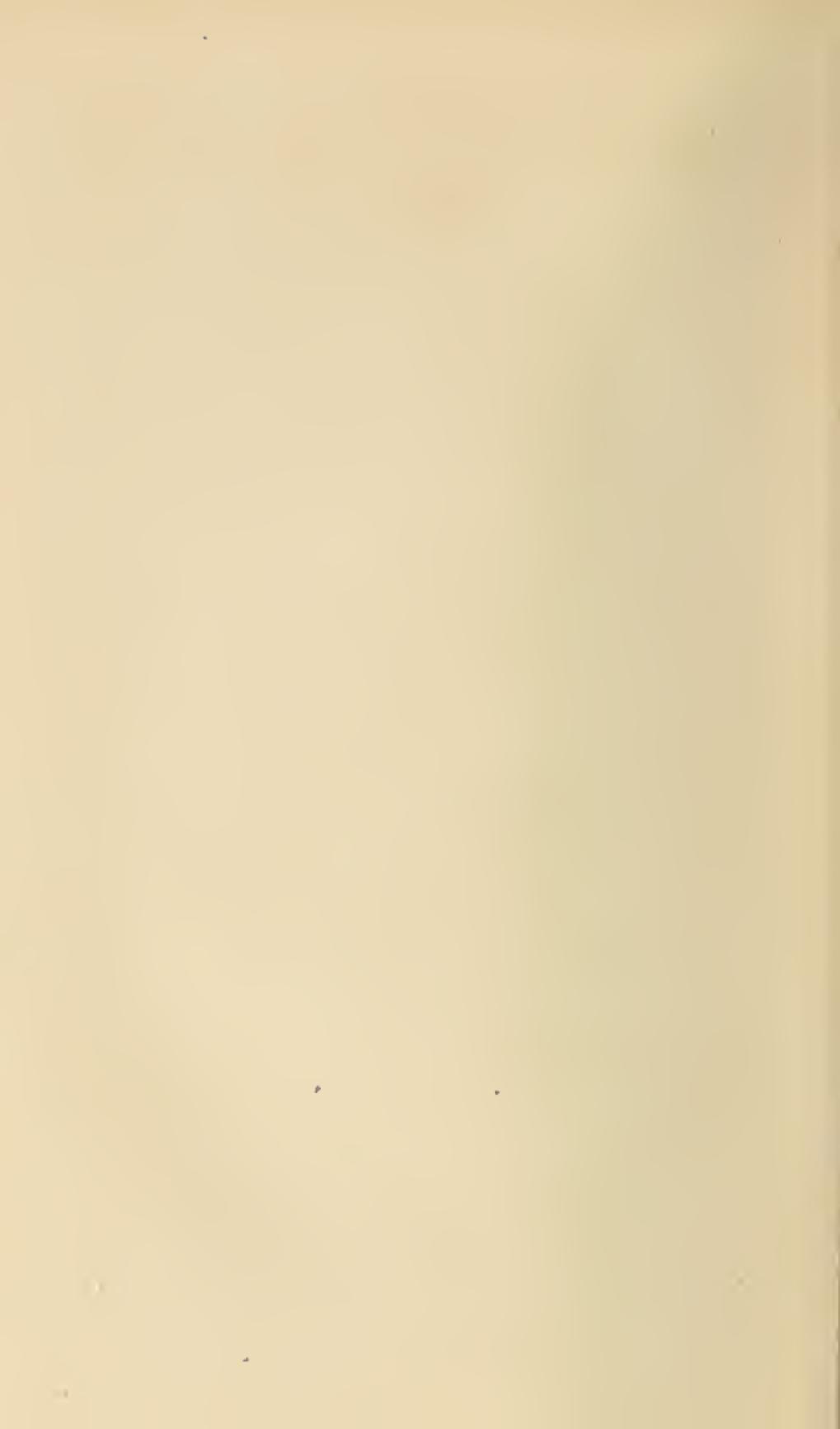
THINK!—"Think of the tragedy of a single home ravaged by the drunkenness of the husband and father, of the oaths and blows falling upon the innocent and helpless, of the bruised babe, the terror of children who dread the coming of the parent, of the horror and long heart-break of the wife, her hopeless vigils, her endless and useless toil, her hope against hope, and faith against sight, all the light and beauty of life fading away, anxiety, poverty, hunger, despair, crowding swiftly on ; think of the daily story of a thousand houses in the city, of the hovels in the town and the country, of the den in which the demon is coiled that works this woe, of the doubts and delays of legislatures, of the coolness of science, of the practical fatalism that serves as the panoply of every huge evil, and is it wonderful that women anywhere who had lived for years in the midst of hell go down upon their knees in public or in private, amidst scoffers or among friends, to move the hearts of those who seem to them the authors of their despair?"—Extracted from an eloquent paper in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, U.S.



Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.]

[J. D. Cooper.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny!"





A pledge to aid and foster—while we live :
‘Officials’ all, are *pledged* as well as you :
Those who command and those who must obey.
The so-called ‘oaths of office,’ what are they ?
Mere *pledges* to be loyal, faithful, true.
Who dares to call it a degrading act—
That holy covenant, that solemn pact ?
No ! they are not degraded men who take it .
They are degraded men who take and break it.

XXXI.

Dear friends, you have a Counsel and Command—
‘BE TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS :’ not alone
In ways that strengthen mind and heart and hand :
The gentler virtues must be—all—your own.
Reinember CHARITY—the bond of peace :
Under whose holy influence discords cease.
You know the words Divine—‘to others do
As you desire that others do to you !’
In act and deed, not only : but in thought ;
That is the Law ‘the Great Commandment’ taught.
Have sympathy with rich as well as poor ;
They have their trials and temptations too,
Though not, perhaps, the troubles you endure.
Think what the rich have done for those who need ;
Apart from station, standing, class, or creed.

WHAT THE RICH DO FOR THE POOR—Among the “leading shareholders” of “The Artisans, Labourers, and General Dwellings Company,” there are four dukes, four marquises, ten earls, five bishops, twelve other peers, twenty-one baronets or knights, fourteen “honourables,” nineteen archdeacons and “canons,” seventy clergymen (many of the Established Church), and upwards of one hundred members of Parliament. It is now certain that each of them will have made a good “investment;” but that was not the motive that induced them (perhaps not one of them) to take shares. I quote this case as the readiest to hand; but there is no charity in the Kingdom that does not show as its prime movers and sustainers a long list of men and women whose names are found in the peerage. It is to the Court Guide their promoters look for the sustenance of any benevolent institution, old or new : there is no ailment to which humanity is subjected for which there is not an establishment—to afford relief or cure. It would fill a very large volume—a bare list of the names of those aristocratic subscribers.



Let both sides of the Atlantic hymn his praise
Who brought the daylight to our darker ways ;
And gathers—*now*—the harvest of his seed.
And that good woman—need I name her name ?
The weakest of whose gifts are wealth and fame :
Who sees the naked clad, the hungry fed,
Mindful of what the Lord and Master said—
When ye did this—‘ye did it unto Me !’
Honoured, revered, and loved, we look—to see
The sacred auriola crown her head.

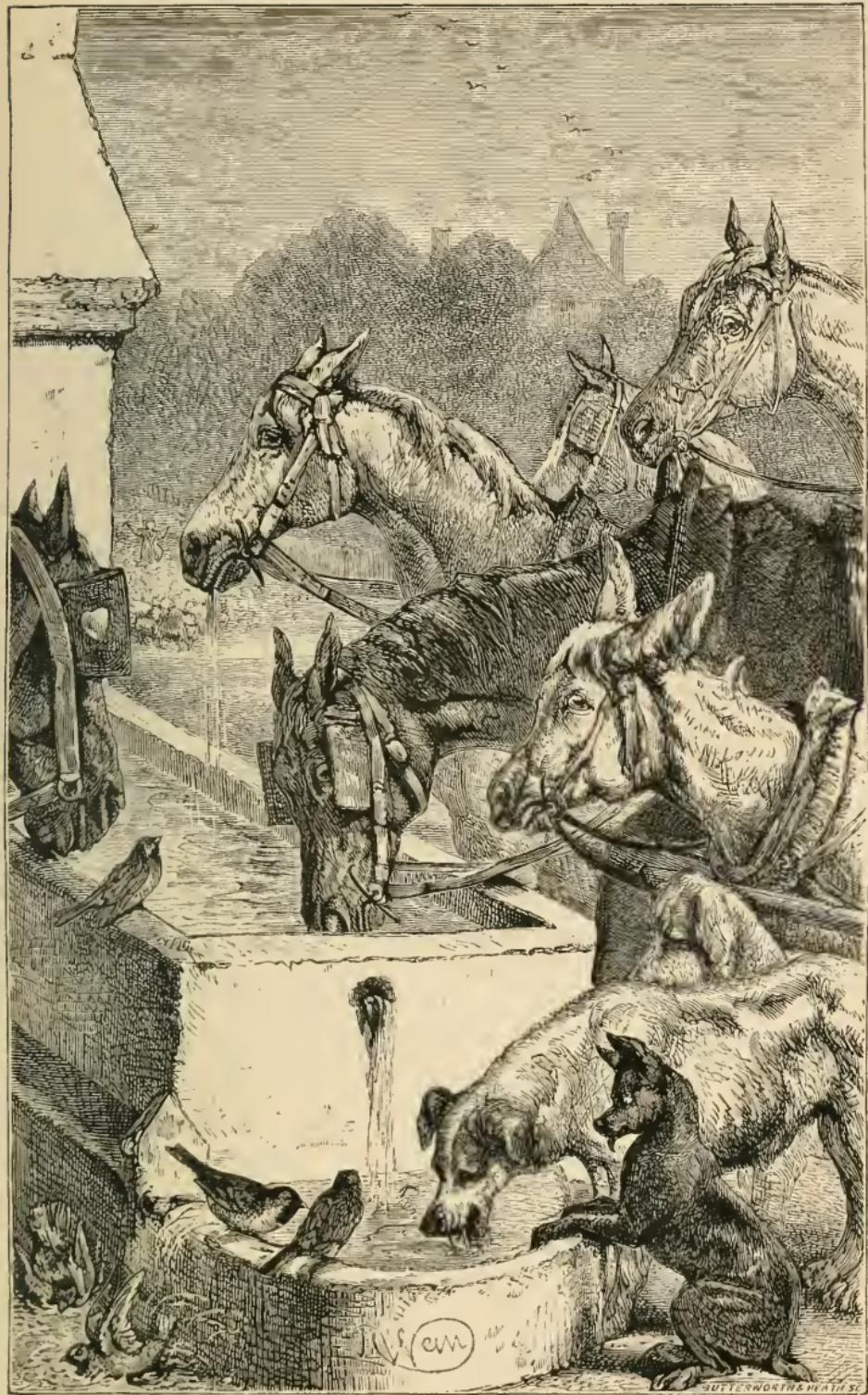
“Dorcas,” “Samaritan”—the names are read
By hundreds in ‘the Peerage :’ and good men
(Among them, Lords of Pencil and of Pen),
Nobles of Nature, self-made, spend their wealth—
Self-made—in giving comforts, homes, and health.

And would you know what working men have done ?
Go ask the Orphans, homed at ERDINGTON :
See in the market-place—half worshipped there—
A statue of the HERO OF SALTAIRE.

XXXII.

The Century has made its mercy-marks ;
All populous places, now, contain FREE parks ;
FREE libraries, FREE baths, and churches—FREE.
FREE hospitals that never close the door :
What gives the right of entry ? ‘I am poor !’

THE RIGHT TO LEGISLATE.—There are weighty AUTHORITIES for the opinion not only that “what is morally wrong cannot be financially right,” but that the Legislature may, and is bound to, prevent that which is prejudicial to the many though advantageous to the few. Thus writes one of the earliest, Vattel:—“Let Government banish from the State whatever is fitted only to corrupt the morals of the people.” And thus spoke Lord Macaulay:—“There is a great deal of trade which cannot be looked upon merely as traffic, which affects higher than pecuniary interests; and to say that Government ought *only* to regulate such trades is a monstrous proposition. This passage is from the *Edinburgh Review* (Mr. Conybeare), July, 1854:—“Society may put down what is dangerous to itself—*salus populi suprema lex*. . . . In suppressing it, the State assumes the right of sacrificing private interests to the public good. . . . Now the liquor traffic, and particularly the retail branch of it, is a *public nuisance* in all these respects—physically, economically, and morally.”



Harrison Weir.]

[Butterworth & Heath,

"PRAY GOD TO BLESS THE DONOR."



Is it not sweet to hear the 'Master' praised
In FREE SCHOOLS that true CHARITY has raised ?
These girl-examples, richly-dowered, see !
And, not the least, the pleasant sight that greets
Wayfarers, often, in the public streets,
FREE FOUNTAINS—flowing freely, night and day ;
Men, women, children, have no tax to pay :
While dogs and horses drink and go their way.

Whether you drink or not, as you pass near,
Pray God to bless the donor : God will hear !

There is one sentence, read ten thousand times
In these God-gifted realms, and not elsewhere ;
No other Nation knows it ; other climes
Grow it as an exotic ; here it lives,
And only here it thrives : receiving, gives ;
The poorest have their rights acknowledged there.
Proud is he of his country—he who reads—

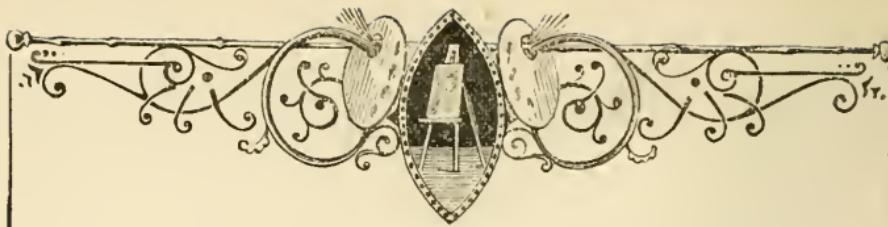
"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

I will not seek to rhyme that sacred sentence.

Ay, there are many rich who do the deeds—
Who do the good deeds 'that need no repentance.'

When bad men tell you the reverse of this,
You see the sting, and hear the serpent hiss.

"THIS VITAL POWER OF INTEMPERANCE now lies in THE TRAFFIC, by which it assumes and maintains the attitude of an Institution. It has its system, and talks loudly of its interests and rights. . . . That a man should make it his business to sell what tends directly to madden and destroy his fellows, and expose every right affection and interest of others—that he should live by making ruthless havoc all around them—all look upon such an act as one of 'superlative guilt'. . . . Such agencies are systematically and diligently at work to entice and corrupt. Our position then is, that we can sustain no other relation to the traffic in intoxicating drinks than that of simple and strenuous opposition—undermining it, on the one hand, by the most vigorous scheme of moral influences, and cleaving it down, on the other, by successive prohibitory statutes, approaching as rapidly as possible the point of entire legal proscription. While prejudice and appetite and cupidity can prevail to keep up the traffic, our duty is to hold it strictly down to the minimum, and outlaw it as speedily as possible."—H. D. Kitchel, D.D.



XXXIII.

And you, dear Temperance friends, you give a part
Of what the Publicans no longer take :
Give it for God's, and for your neighbour's, sake :
Give it with open hand and liberal heart.

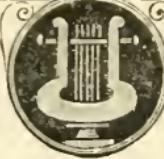
These Tracts, by millions, and these Lectures, they
Do Temperance Work : for which you gladly pay.

'Tis a frail Christian love that giveth nought—
Or giveth little—of the MUCH received :
Yet those who 'freely give' have but believed
They 'lend' to God : nor have they idly thought :
They take HIS WORD for payment—when they trust.
They will be paid : even here : while with the living :
Paid in the joy of heart that comes of giving :
Paid, not, perhaps, in perishable dust,
Paid, where there's no corrupting moth nor rust :
Paid 'at the Resurrection of the Just !'

Give back to Temperance some of what it gave :
You will not miss a TITHE of what you save.
To grudge a part, to meanly keep the whole,
Would show a stunted mind and shrivelled soul.

When you thank God for Rescue, friends and brothers,
Think of the blessings you may SHARE with others.

THE AUTHORITIES on whom I have chiefly relied are, Frederick R. Lees, Ph. D., whose work, "The Condensed Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic," is so conclusive and convincing that none can read it without deep and fervent desire to aid the cause of which he is the eloquent and philosophic advocate. Another valuable work is "Our National Resources: How they are Wasted," by Mr. William Hoyle; an appalling picture, indeed, but one that must do enormous service and carry conviction as to the prodigious spread of the curse. The other books are a "Report by the Committee on Intemperance for the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury," and a similar Report from the Convocation of York, containing "testimonies" from judges, jailers, coroners, doctors, magistrates, parochial clergy, superintendents of lunatic asylums, chaplains and governors of prisons, masters of workhouses, and the constabulary, "in answer to forms of inquiry" as to the extent, the causes, the results, and the remedies of intemperance. These "testimonies" were received from all parts of the Kingdom.



XXXIV.

A few words more—Good Templars, Temperance friends,
Before we part : before my story ends :

It needs no aid of ART, or prose, or verse,
To show what we should be—without THE CURSE

That drags our country down, and keeps it down.

Uprouse ye, then! with stern resolve, decree
That England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, be free—

And all Dependents of the British crown.

The work is yours, and that work YOU must do.

It must be done—and will be done—by YOU !

Resolve—to mould A FUTURE ! If there lurk

Perils beside your path ; or wiles allure ;

Or open foes assail you ; be ye sure

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE WHO DO HIS WORK.

Take these concluding words : my task is done :

A tale may teach you what to seek and shun.

This is THE MORAL—solemn, awful, true !

THE DRUNKARD NEVER KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO !



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TIMES (*Leading Article*, 9th Aug., 1872).

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'Is it too late to save him ? God, we pray
His Guardian Angel may not pass away.'

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